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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JULY, 1908



SECOND QUALITY

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

I.

IT was eleven o'clock. Archibald Harris seated himself in one of the yellow iron chairs on the Casino terrace. He had arrived the night before at Monte Carlo on the first holiday he could remember to have taken for years. Fifty, in excellent health, rich with millions, free, he was accompanied by a secretary, a courier, a valet, and a retinue who could serve his comforts. Yet the prospect of an idle hour before lunch brought with it a feeling of loneliness. Mingled with his curiosity and admiration, as he watched the pageant of pleasure-seekers drift leisurely up and down before him, there was a touch of resentment. The sea-lined horizon, the palms, the dazzling sunlight, the fresh air, set him in a sociable mood, and the unanswered question that rose to his lips left him melancholy with a dawning contempt for money.

Who, he asked himself, were his friends? Whom did he know? What was the use of being rich if he had no acquaintances?

For six months this problem had been bothering him. It had taken the form of an impelling ambition, it had brought him abroad, it had led him as a magnet to Monte Carlo. It showed him restless, susceptible, arrogant, or humiliated by turns. There were moments even when it caused him to regret the late Mrs. Harris's death, but at the apotheosis he invoked she appeared in the too, too solid flesh. He had been attached to her, deeply attached, but in a filial manner, as to one who,—in the lonely days after his arrival in New York from the West,—had meant home to him. Years older than he, rich, and a

widow when he married her, his sentiment for her was yet of a kind which precluded in his own mind the thought that he could have married her for her money only.

Moreover, money—he was growing convinced of it hourly—was nothing, a bauble, a mere accessory, a means for adding to the ease of life, but in no way the price of what was really worth having.

To be sure, when he had married Mrs. Harris—fifteen years before her death—she had been surrounded by a large number of acquaintances, but ill health, increasing peculiarities, a falling-off in the parties at the Fifth Avenue house, had gradually narrowed the circle, and Harris realized, as he brought it under his appealing scrutiny, that it was reduced now to a few protégés, a few obscure “hangers-on.” This patronizing of people, he had always held to be a weakness of Mrs. Harris—she had paid for the education of more failures than any woman in New York. Somewhere he had stored away a collection of terrifying miniatures painted for their patroness by the unsuccessful; his wife had had herself “done” on porcelain, canvas, in beaten brass, and with other new processes whose simplicity was held out as an inducement for those wishing to learn rapidly.

Among the number there was, however, one protégée who promised a harvest for the seed scattered on barren ground. This special unfortunate had become a baroness. She was at Monte Carlo now,—Harris had seen her name in the papers,—and he considered her affectionately. She was the possible point from which he might swing his social compass. The Baroness indeed appeared in his mental picture of her like Aaron’s flowered rod, showing to him a way out of the wilderness. And though he had not the Baroness’s address, Monte Carlo was small, he was sure to run across her, here perhaps, on the terrace, he thought, the very morning of his arrival. She had originally been a governess, placed by Mrs. Harris as companion in an Italian family. In her letters to her benefactress,—Harris recollected them distinctly,—announcing her engagement to a scion of the Italian household, she had not mentioned that her intended was the offspring of an illegitimate descendant. This they had discovered later. She had merely referred to him as the “Baron,” as though a natural sequence were: governess, companion, baroness. Now as he thought of her Harris’s heart warmed:

“She was a dear good girl!”

And this phrase half murmured into the little glass of bitters gave him courage. His mental intimacy with the Baroness seemed to explain his presence at Monte Carlo, and her devotion to his late wife justified the impulse of gratitude which stirred in him. With this rise in his spirits, he began to enumerate other things not in his disfavor: his own honorable, though modest, record as a broker previous

to his marriage with the wealthy Mrs. Harris; his membership in several leading American clubs; his personal resemblance to one of the English dukes, which had delighted Mrs. Harris. . . .

Startled at the sound of a voice by his side, he turned, almost giddy, with a sure feeling that it must be the Baroness. The voice was speaking in pretty, broken English:

"I beg your pardon! I see no osser table . . ."

Not observant at any time and somewhat dreamy in his present mood, Harris had not been aware of the manœuvres of a lady at the next table. After dropping her parasol and handkerchief in a nervous manner, she had overturned a glass of madeira which was trickling accommodately over in Harris's direction. The lady whose voice it was that had interrupted his perplexities lifted her ruffled skirts high in the air and spanned the little lake with her slender ankles. She sought refuge by the stranger. With the chivalry of the American, surprised at no feminine caprice that deprives him of his rights, he rose.

The lady cried out, seating herself:

"Oh, I beg! Don't leave, for zen I cannot stay—I can't drive you hoff zees way."

She lisped and was knowing and simple, bold and timid, at once. Harris's embarrassment kept him standing until she had added with an enchanting exclamation of pity:

"Oh, pardonne me. . . . You don't know me. I am ze Princess Carivanna."

Harris dropped back into his chair with a single move.

"Princess!" he exclaimed, uncovering his head and remaining uncovered. She made little, bird-like, guttural sounds, adjusted her petticoats, settled herself with her gloves and parasol on her knees, and smiled irresistibly up at him. To all of this he found no farther response than a second "Princess!" repeated in a tone of adoration for the very word.

"It is very tiresome of me," she twittered, "to spill zis. I ought to have taken him earlier before so many peoples come on ze terrace. All ze tables is so crowded. You excuse?"

Harris had extracted a card from his wallet while she talked. He held it out now, murmuring her title fondly and mixing his own name up with it. (She caught his name with wonderful quickness—as though by second sight, he might have remarked had he been observant.)

"American, of course?" she queried.

"Yes," he answered, wondering whether it would be well now to speak of the late Mrs. Harris.

"You have been long at Monte Carlo?"

"I only got here last night."

He hesitated, not knowing whether to call her "princess" or simply "madam," as he had heard that queens were called.

The question he dreaded most followed the moment's silence:

"And you have many, many friends—zat is sure?"

Harris smiled at his sudden companion.

"I'm expecting to meet a very old friend—a lady I've known intimately. . . ." There was a vague feeling in his mind that knowing one friend intimately was almost equivalent to having a quantity of people with whom one was slightly acquainted. The Princess raised her eyebrows, and Harris announced:

"A baroness friend of mine," as though this were some especial brand of friend.

"The Baroness. . . .?"

"Benoni—Benoni."

"I know her! But very well. What a coincidence!"

The Princess's exclamations were full of animation, and Harris enjoyed an inward satisfaction that penetrated his whole being.

"You're not an American, too, are you?" he asked when they had exchanged mutual cordiality concerning the Baroness.

"I?" the pretty woman answered. "Dear me, no. It would be hard to tell what I am—I have leaved in so many places. I suppose I may say zat I am cosmopolitan."

It seemed natural to the American that a princess should have a quantity of mother countries, since the ordinary man has only one.

"And the Prince,—Mussier le Prince?" he asked, wishing immediately that he had said something else; this was too familiar, he knew.

"Ze Prince?" she echoed, lifting her eyes heavenward. "My poor husband, my dear, dear husband. Let us not talk of him, I beg of you. Zis subject is too sad!"

From a gold bag hanging on her wrist she drew a fine, gauze handkerchief and brushed it across her eyes, adding in a smothered voice:

"Since five years I am zus. . . ."

Harris was distressed.

"I am sorry," he murmured, "very sorry indeed, to have awakened such memories. I hope you will pardon my thoughtlessness."

"Do not feel badly," she smiled through her tears. "One must learn to face ze world and not to wear ze heart on ze sleeve, as zay say in your countree."

Harris was murmuring to himself:

"Brave woman, brave little woman! I'd no idea a princess could have so much feeling. . . . It seems to be going all right. We humans are a good deal alike, the world over, I guess."

"Shall we walk a little?" his companion proposed, putting up her handkerchief and smiling at him.

"Delighted, Princess," he responded, beginning to feel as though he had been part of a royal retinue for years. He could imagine himself relating to his former broker friends, on his return home, upon what familiar and easy terms he was with nobility.

"They are a good sort," he could hear himself saying. "I got on with them splendidly."

The Princess set the pace, the slow, strolling pace which Harris, walking alone, could never have fallen into. Her dress rustled over the flag-stones, she held a tiny parasol between the sun and her eyes, she spoke of the scene that lay before them, making personal her admiration for the sea, the palms, the magnolias, comparing her tastes and dislikes with those of the American, chattering about trifles, discussing their mutual friend, the Baroness. Suddenly she became serious, and the attitude of Harris changed from tickled contentment to gravity and attention.

"Oh!" she said tragically, "it is so hard, so very hard, for a woman, ze true woman, to live alone in ze world, unprotected, at ze mercy of . . . of . . ."

Harris's eyes were wide open and expectant; the Princess resumed her phrase and concluded:

"At ze mercy of everyzing."

"Yes, I see—of everything," rejoined her sympathetic listener. "I wonder if you would find it so trying in America? Women there are . . . well, I don't know just what there is about them, but they're different. They don't seem to need protection exactly. They're more independent."

He sighed as he found this adequate word.

"I guess that's it: they're more independent."

She lifted her hands with a gesture surprised and shocked.

"Mr. Harris!" she exclaimed. "When one is princess? It is not ze same: *noblesse oblige*."

He could have bitten his tongue out, but it was too late. He determined not to speak again. So long as he only bowed and smiled, things seemed to run smoothly.

She went on:

"And America is so far off, and ze people are so very rich. It take so much moneys to live zere, I could never do it."

Seeing Harris's concern, she added:

"Zis is a dreadful question, zis money. I never sink of it but he keeps me awake all night . . . But here I speak like I have always know you . . ."

Harris pantomimed to her the pleasure he took in this mark of confidence on her part, and she went on:

"All zat I have I give it to my son, my child. I not tell you I have a leetle boy. When he have finished his study I have nozzing!"

The word "nothing" she accompanied with gestures which denuded her of bracelets, brooches, necklaces, rings, leaving her, to the obedient imagination of her spell-bound audience, very much in the garb of an Eve. The questions about the Prince which rose to his lips he hurried into the abyss prepared too late for his other blunders.

She sighed heavily:

"You say nozzing. I see zis subject not interest you. You have so much money, you cannot understand . . ."

And with this sentimental taunt she tactfully turned the conversation, leaving Harris to dwell freely on the financial situation. It was a new kind of suffering for him. He found he could regret as much not speaking as having said the wrong thing. He could never revert to this topic again. His chance for being actually useful to a noble had come and gone and he had missed it. His regret was almost tragic. He was a fool and deserved to get no further on the social ladder. Looking straight at the Princess with a smile, and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, he said:

"Why, Princess, money is such a little thing!"

Little indeed compared to the rude apprenticeship he had served for his share. The Princess was melancholy.

"Money may be a leetle zing," she sighed, "but ze lack of money is a big affair."

"You would n't think so if you could see our New York brokers a lively day on the Exchange. A mere game . . ."

But just here Harris caught sight of the Baroness, his Baroness, the protégée of his late wife. She was with a tall, dark man, evidently her husband, the Baron.

"Excuse me one moment, Princess. I believe that's the Baroness Benoni, right over there . . ." And he hurried towards the couple. They exchanged greetings, and then, in a proud moment, Mr. Harris brought together a Princess and a Baroness.

"We were just speaking of you," the Princess twittered, "Mr. Harris and I. You have not been here long?"

The Baroness turned her pretty eyes towards the Baron.

"We are never long in any place," she said. "Last autumn it was Constantinople, this winter Egypt, and to-morrow . . .?"

The Baron seemed weary.

"We can't look so far ahead as to-morrow."

The Princess had turned her little parasol so that her face was enveloped in a becoming shadow. The American gazed at his friends

as the two women fell at once into the easy, flippant manner of those whose lives are all leisure, whose home is a cosmopolitan hotel, north in the summer, south in the winter; who retire for sleep only, and whose debts, of all that concerns them, are alone kept from the gaze of the inquisitive multitude.

To Harris, who watched them, they seemed deliciously women of the world.

"Have you found many friends?" the Princess asked.

With a gesture which warmed the American's heart, the Baroness held out her hand to him.

"We have found Mr. Harris. He is a very old friend!"

"Zat I can understand," said the Princess, with a tone of voice which brought almost a lump into the American's throat.

The Baron broke in languidly.

"The Countess MacBride is here. One of your compatriots. We ran across her last night with a new protégée."

"Don't you know her?" the Baroness queried.

"She's an American, too?" Harris asked, as though the chance of compatriotism might make him seem more at ease.

"Yes, she's from Detroit. She has Miss Endicott with her—Endicotts' flour mills—a great heiress, of course."

"And a trifle unsophisticated," added the Baron.

"Perhaps Mr. Harris knows them? The Countess is a wonder. Only an American could manage with the small fortune she has, to own a Paris house near the Bois, and to wear the sort of clothes she does!"

Harris, while he listened, was contemplating some plan whereby, without seeming too eager, he might entertain the Princess. Seeing that the Baron was making preliminary moves to break up the group, he hastily proposed a dinner for that night at the Casino. The ladies accepted, and, having hesitated a moment, he added:

"I'd be pleased if you'd bring your friend the Countess along, too, and that young lady who's with her."

"The Countess will be charmed, I'm sure, and Miss Endicott also," the Baroness twittered.

As he watched the ladies to the end of the terrace, he thought, with almost a groan of contentment, how rapidly, during one morning, he had advanced in a new, brilliant, and to him hitherto unknown and coveted, social world.

II.

THE morning following the dinner which Harris had given with success at the Hôtel de Paris to bring together his new acquaintances, and himself be presented to those of his guests whom he did not know, dawned clear and bright in the succession of dazzling days

whose brilliancy acts as a magnet for the leisured class of Europe and America.

Harris was closeted with his secretary, Rudolph Van Motte. The American, clad with the precision of a man to whom business hours early in life have made dressing-gowns impossible, was persistently questioning Van Motte; his manner was impatient. He paced back and forth on the side of the room where the windows opened on a broad balcony, letting in across the scarlet carpet a path of gold. When he flashed in and out of the light Van Motte could see that his patron's face was troubled, and, as had always been the foreigner's habit at the approach of distress, he steeled himself with the armor of indifference behind which the heartless, impelled by self-interest only, pass through life unscathed.

Van Motte was a Belgian. He had been for years in the employ, as secretary, of one rich American or another who seemed always to be working harder than he. To appear listless and at ease, a man of the world and at leisure, was Van Motte's manner of explaining to society in general that chance held him momentarily in a position to which he had not been born. Penniless and in debt as he had been when Harris picked him up in New York, his threadbare clothes even then had a cosmopolitan elegance about them, his manners a certain finish which, from the start, had made it seem that, of the two, it was Harris who had need of the other. Now Harris was saying:

"You never told me that you knew her!"

"Who, the Princess Carivanna?" repeated Van Motte in a drawling intonation which was accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders. He looked closely at Harris, however, as though with his narrow eyes to detect how much the American had discovered of any former friendship between the Princess and himself. The gray eyes answered that Harris was unsophisticated; the motive of his present perturbation was worldly vanity, as his second exclamation announced:

"It's just a chance, then, that I met her! You might have never mentioned her. We might have finished our stay here without my knowing her, if I had n't run across her on the terrace!"

He stopped short in the block of sunny air and looked indignantly at Van Motte. The secretary had risen and was gathering up the open letters and papers from the table where they lay with the remains of a continental breakfast, served on a tray now half hidden under a heap of crumpled napkins. His shoulders went up again in a shrug and, laying some stress on the title, he said:

"I did not know the *Princess* was here."

Harris it was who appeared apologetic.

"Well, if that's so, I suppose you could n't do much more than I

could—just trust to luck! She's a lovely woman, though. What eyes!"

He rolled over and over between his fingers the cigar which he had taken from a gold case on the table.

"My, what eyes!"

The secretary was not responsive. He said:

"I promised the Countess MacBride, whom we met last night with the Le Forts, to render her a little service this morning."

"Quite right," Harris nodded.

As certain American fathers of the rough diamond type look towards their daughters to form social relations for which they are themselves unqualified, so Harris depended upon his secretary—young, a gentleman, well-dressed, fluent in several languages, travelled, and acquainted with one princess at least—to accomplish the intermediary acts which could precipitate his intimacy with the smart set.

After an inquisitive pause, Harris said:

"She's only a countess, is n't she?"

There was the suggestion of a smile about the corners of Van Motte's somewhat sensual mouth as he answered:

"Yes, only a countess; a title she bought herself. She proposes writing a book of memoirs on her varied experiences in European courts. No doubt she has plenty of material, but she hardly knows how to put it together."

Harris was all attention.

"I see," he said; "you can help her get her notes into shape." And, his mind evidently dwelling on the subject, he asked: "She's been at a lot of courts, has she?"

"I shall be able to tell you more after this morning's séance," was Van Motte's departing response.

When he had gone Harris repeated several times to himself:

"So he knew the Princess . . ."

And, though the waiter came in and removed the breakfast tray, Harris, undisturbed, murmured again:

"And now he's doing literary work with the Countess."

III.

THE Countess, when Van Motte was announced, sat by a flickering wood fire in her improvised boudoir. About her were scattered the morning papers. Folded snugly in an ample tea-gown of rose-colored satin, she half reclined against the cushions of her high-backed chair. Her feet were clad in bed-room slippers, but her hair was carefully dressed. The curling-irons had left their wave upon locks that were streaked with gray at the sides, where nature had asserted herself over the golden untruths of a coiffeur's artifice.

Beside this woman who suggested her experiences with the world as her tea-gown suggested its use by her—through a lack of freshness—Miss Endicott appeared like the rosebud whose contact so far has been with wind and sun alone, nature's caresses to further her sweet blooming time. She sat on a stool placed opposite the fire. Her face, like the substance of a camellia, was devoid of any line. No habits of thought, neither gaiety nor melancholy, had traced their course about her eyes and mouth; one expression followed another as though each were giving its first touch toward moulding a countenance which was yet all hope, all seduction; which, in a word, was youth.

It was the Countess who spoke. Her tone was irritable.

"Our names are not in the papers!"

"I don't care a bit," Olivia Endicott answered her.

"But you should care. It is ridiculous . . . people of our social position . . . not even mentioned."

"We don't have any better time when they put us in the society column."

"And your father!" cried the Countess. "He will think I've done nothing for you if we are not at least cabled on Sundays!"

Miss Endicott laughed.

"Poor papa!"

The servant had announced Van Motte, and the Countess made a preliminary move toward getting herself ready to receive him.

Olivia put her hand on the older woman's chair.

"Don't go yet. I want to ask you something. Mr. Van Motte can wait. He is a foreigner, they don't mind, they are always waiting for something—to be decorated, or to inherit a fortune, or to get a position under the Government, or something else that does n't depend on their own effort."

The Countess paid little attention to the American girl's outbursts against foreign ways of doing things. She had watched the insinuating charm of Europe sap the patriotism of more than one Yankee, and she relied upon time and their present surroundings to make Olivia feel, soon enough, that she could never live again on the other side of the Atlantic.

Miss Endicott went on:

"I am going at eleven to walk with Ralph Rutherford. Do you mind?"

The Countess shook her head.

"You know my feelings, dear child, upon the subject. Especially at Monte Carlo I can't think of letting you walk alone with a man, and a man you only met three weeks ago."

"But Mr. Rutherford is an American!" Olivia pleaded. "I am not in love with him, and I would n't marry him even if he asked me."

"Asked you!" The Countess's polished finger-nails flashed as her hands went up in the air. "He has n't three thousand a year to bless himself with. He would never have the audacity to propose to you!"

The emphatic remark raised the youthful spirit of contradiction in Olivia; she answered as though slightly offended:

"It would be no dishonor if he did propose. The Rutherfords are as good a family as any we have in America."

"The question is not who his people were, but what your reputation is going to be. Nothing would justify me in letting you do so foolish and compromising a thing. Ask him to tea if you like. I fail to see what interest you find in him, but there is no especial harm in his coming to tea."

Olivia said nothing further. It was not about this matter that she had meant to consult the Countess when she had detained her instinctively a moment before. There was something more important of which she wished to speak, but the time had passed. Their chance disagreement on a trifling subject, as so often happens with women, had placed them out of harmony on all subjects. Olivia let the Countess go without speaking. Then she drew from between the leaves of a book on the table a note whose few words written in a large handwriting covered half a page:

CHARMING MADEMOISELLE,

May I come early and see you, alone, before tea this afternoon?

She read the signature: "Henry Le Fort."

Exasperated still at the Countess, and with the nervous decision of a pure-minded child who yields to temptation, she wrote hastily at the desk which stood between the windows:

DEAR MR. LE FORT,

You may come early this afternoon. I shall be alone at four.

OLIVIA ENDICOTT.

She rang for the servant, sealed the note, and sent it.

There was nothing wicked, she argued to herself, in receiving alone a married man, and it was perhaps more "conventional" than taking a walk with a young American.

Between luncheon and three o'clock the Countess changed her mind several times as to the disposition of her afternoon. She was piqued because Olivia did not wish to drive with her, Olivia was distressed lest the Countess remain at home, ashamed that she should want to be alone, and surprised, as soon as the Countess had actually gone, at her sense of relief.

"I can't be going to do anything very wrong," she reasoned, "or it would make me unhappy."

Dressed in a close-fitting dark blue gown, she had kept on her hat since morning. With a hat on, it seemed to her that her reception of Le Fort had more the air of a chance meeting than of a premeditated encounter. The foreigner's first question when they had exchanged greetings was upon this subject:

"Why have you on your hat? You are not planning to leave me at once, are you?"

"Oh, no," Miss Endicott laughed. "It's an American fad. We wear hats in America all the time except out of doors."

"I don't like your American fads," Le Fort answered. "There is always some puritan reason back of them for mortifying the flesh."

Olivia was seated in the Countess's high-backed chair, Le Fort in a low fauteuil opposite her. Both elbows rested on his knees, his hat and gloves were on the floor beside him, his anxious face was full in the light. It was a face which reflected the love of pleasure. The eyes were intelligent, the mouth weak, and the other features were saved, by youth, from the vulgarity which the exaggerations of time would put upon them. Le Fort had neither income nor fortune, yet he was a man of leisure. For Olivia, as for other women, he had some subtle charm which made the few hours she had spent with him in their half-dozen meetings stand out with the intensity that sentiment gives to the recollections of a woman's memory.

But Le Fort did not propose to discuss the merits of puritanism. Looking directly at the girl, he said:

"It's stupid to be indoors weather like this. Suppose we go for a stroll before the sun sets? I've watched you so many times when you were unconscious of it, walking with others. It has been one of my dreams to take you to some of my favorite haunts where the common herd does n't penetrate."

His voice was agreeable, as though it had been long trained in amorous undertones. Miss Endicott responded quickly to his suggestion:

"I can't ever walk with you alone."

She expected him to urge, protest, insist, argue that she was an American, independent, and that no one would observe her. But he smiled and said:

"You shall do with me what you please, mademoiselle. You shall decide how much I may see you, and when, and where."

Olivia wanted to thank him! It was he that would protect her against himself. She was relieved of that burden which the homage of an American man places upon the conscience. For the first time in her sentimental annals, it was the man, not she, who assumed the

responsibility for both. Like one who has long pulled up stream, she rested upon her oars, drifting deliciously with the tide. She did not start even a commonplace topic of conversation by way of making more impersonal the moment's silence which followed Le Fort's last remark. When she looked at him half timidly, half trustfully, it was upon her hands that his eyes rested. She changed their position, and laughed:

"Don't embarrass my hands! There's nothing so awful as shy hands, like the ones you see in country photographs."

"Your hands are exquisite," he said, obeying, however, her caprice.

"They are useful, any way!" she cried.

"But not cruel?" he asked.

"Cruel?"

"Yes. Promise me that you will never do any harm with them?"

She took his question gravely: "Why, what harm could I do?"

"The heart of a poor man . . ." he began, following these few words with a hasty declaration. . . He had thought of nothing but her since he met her, his feelings could not be mistaken, he could no longer deceive himself . . . She must know it, he . . . But Olivia, after a moment's dismay, interrupted him violently:

"I forbid you to speak to me of love!"

It was on Le Fort's lips to respond: "Then why did you let me come to-day?" but he controlled himself. It was his first experience with an American girl, but he was long practised in conquests of the weaker sex, and women, he believed, were in all countries the same.

Olivia, nervous, angry, pleased, not knowing what to do, went to the door and opened it as though she had been waiting for the Countess, who entered at this moment, accompanied by Ralph Rutherford.

Greeting Le Fort, the Countess rang for the tea, which was served. Then, pulling listlessly at her gloves and hat-pins, she recollected that the two men had not been presented.

"Driving in the wind makes one dull," she apologized.

Rutherford shook hands with Le Fort, and then made a pretense of helping Olivia. She was flippant with him. It amused her to show Le Fort with what nonchalance she could treat certain men. The conversation was trivial. Le Fort proposed to the Countess that they all meet after dinner in the gaming-rooms at the Casino. Rutherford was included in the invitation, but he gave as an excuse for not accepting, a previous engagement to dine with friends, which would keep him late into the evening. A trifle annoyed that he should refuse, Olivia wondered who the friends could be. She promised herself to be nicer to Rutherford as soon as Le Fort had gone, and, regretting her manner of a moment before, she tried to start a more serious conversation. But Rutherford had risen and was already taking leave.

IV.

For a week Harris had entertained somebody at lunch and somebody at dinner every day. The Le Forts were glad participants of all social functions. They were, it was understood, living on the remains of Madame Le Fort's fortune, which had been considerable before her marriage with Le Fort, whose extravagant tastes were very costly. His wife—an English woman by birth, years older than he, and much in love with him—was apologetic that what had been enough for her should be insufficient for this husband, who to assuage her seeming mortification permitted himself to make frequent inroads upon her capital. She had begun already to wonder what they would do when it was gone. The thought wore upon her; her pretty, oval face was a mass of fine little lines drawn hither and thither about the eyes and mouth as though each were trying to find some way out of the difficulties which had brought them there.

The Princess, Harris felt, was growing almost to be a friend. Of the Countess MacBride he was less sure. Van Motte was with her regularly in the mornings, at work on her European memoirs. He described these séances as delightful; and Harris, as he listened to the accounts of the Countess's worldly success, felt that a certain mundane glory was reflected upon him from the brilliance of this compatriot.

The Countess seldom entertained. It was her theory that one must either go out or receive. "The best hostesses," she explained to her young charge, in defense of this revolutionizing of hospitality's formulae—"the best hostesses are intolerable guests. The habit of entertaining makes them hypercritical. They go out merely to see how badly others do things. Those who are constantly being entertained, like myself, make an art of it. That is why people always want them."

Harris—and it was perhaps of him that the Countess was thinking—fell very naturally into the category of those who make better hosts than guests.

He had a private dining-room in his sumptuous hotel apartments, he supped at one café, lunched at another,—never alone. It was his dream to take a villa, and have his newly made friends with him under his own roof, but Van Motte urged that he wait until the autumn,—when, with the season, the intimacies would be more mature,—and then install himself for September at the Italian lakes. He was enchanted at the idea, because it gave perspective to his social adventures, which, did he not lay some future claim upon these people, he feared might come to an end as they had begun—suddenly.

While awaiting the moment propitious for organizing his Italian house-party, he obtained Van Motte's approval of a plan to take the Countess and Miss Endicott, the Le Forts, and the Princess on an all-day excursion to Cap Martin. Leaving the practical arrangements

to his secretary, Harris set out for the Casino, hoping there to find some of his friends with whom to talk over this scheme.

Drifting on the outskirts of the gambling throng, the Princess was the first of his acquaintances whom he descried. He watched her with content: she was unmistakably pretty. The pale color of her gown became her. A long ostrich plume trailed its soft tendrils over her dark hair and rested against her neck where her somewhat open dress left it uncovered. In contrast to the diaphanous material of her gown and the exposure of her throat, she had a mantle of ermine draped nonchalantly over her shoulders. Everything she wore and the air about her when she moved were heavy with perfume. Harris was pleasantly infected with the odor sometimes for an hour after he had left her.

More than once he had noticed, and always with surprise, at how short a distance from the tables the crowd seemed to be free from their magnetism.

"They're like a whirlpool," he had thought to himself: "you can float in safety to a certain spot, then you get drawn in and the struggle begins."

Bowing to the Princess, he began:

"You're not much at this sort of thing, I guess, are you? I've never seen you play."

She smiled up at him. It was a temptation to provoke from him a generous offer such as his compatriots had made her before. "I'll stand your losses, you take my gains." But the Princess to-night preferred studying the American; he was beginning to interest her.

"Zis evening," she said, "I no feel ze mood for gamble."

As she answered, she drew him deftly toward a corner of the room, where there was less confusion. The rhythmic click of the roulette-wheel, the monotonous coaxing of the croupier's voice, the coming and going of the curious, the flippant, the inveterate, sounded only like a distant accompaniment.

The cosmopolitan woman was not quite herself with this honest, awkward American whose heart was the purest gold of all that metal which made him desirable. She assumed with him a modesty which restrained the impulses of her greater experience. She treated him with the delicacy that a *roué* might show in courting a girl of eighteen. It was in this way only, she instinctively felt, that she could appeal to Harris.

The millionaire, flattered as he was at being with one of her title, little used to society of any sort, made fitful attempts at conversation which in no manner furthered the Princess's intentions.

"I think we'll have fine weather for our excursion to-morrow," he remarked. "Everybody's accepted. I guess it'll be a nice party."

Concluding that it must be the seclusion she had sought which was

intimidating to Harris, the Princess started again toward the crowd, whose bedlam might be more conducive to confidence. She addressed her companion:

"It seem a little lifetime since we meet on ze terrace. So much has happened! But I zink always of zat morning."

Harris, touched by the tone in which she spoke, murmured: "You're too kind, Princess."

She went on:

"Yes, zat morning I speak to you of my boy, my poor boy, and of ze anxieties I feel."

"I'm sure I was only too pleased . . ."

Profiting by a moment when the passers forced her irresistibly against the American's arm, very close to him, she asked, looking up at him:

"You get my letter zis afternoon?"

"No. What letter? When? Did you write to me? Where did you address me?"

"At ze hotel."

An expression of uneasiness came over her face.

"I send my note by messenger at about five zis afternoon."

With the rising ire of one who has been cheated out of a right, Harris shook his head.

"There's some mistake. Was the note important?"

She lowered her eyes, quickening her breathing as though moved by the confession she was about to make.

"You can be sure zat I no write wisout I have somesing important to say. I ask you to come and see me."

"You did?"

"Yes, alone, to-morrow."

"To-morrow's the excursion." Harris was distressed.

"We don't start till eleven."

As she said this she caught sight in the distance of Van Motte moving toward them steadily through the crowd. Hastily she added:

"Come in ze morning. At ten. I must speak to you."

The emphasis she laid upon the words, her excited manner, stirred Harris to the demonstration of sympathy he was going to proffer when Van Motte casually joined them. The Princess indicated to Harris that he should not refer before Van Motte to the miscarried letter. They were further distracted by the arrival among their group of the Countess MacBride and Miss Endicott. The Belgian secretary and the Princess wandered toward the door.

Once on the terrace, in the uncertain light and shadow of the flickering electricity, Van Motte assumed an air of authority with this woman. He spoke rapidly and in French.

DETROIT, MICH.

"It was I who opened the letter you sent to Harris to-day. I shall do the same again. You may explain it to him in any way you like."

"What right . . . ?"

Her phrase was cut short by Van Motte.

"The right that you are not free. There is no question of marriage with this American!"

Her attempted protestation was broken by an outburst from the man. She was afraid; they might be seen, heard; she begged him to be prudent. From her manner he saw how far she was in his power, and after a few moments of silence in which they walked to the further end of the terrace he said:

"This American is a child. Get out of him what you wish, use him as you see fit, lead him where you will, but remember that if you do more I shall expose you."

"Rudolph!"

The tone of her voice was supplicating. It irritated Van Motte by its suggestion that he would not carry out his threat.

"Yes, I shall make known to them all your story. I shall not spare a detail."

Placing her arm through his, she whispered supplicatingly:

"Rudolph, I love you . . . You can't forget . . . Don't threaten me in this way."

"I am not in a tender mood," he answered brutally. "This affair has exasperated me. Moreover"—he changed his tone—"I have been losing heavily at *trente et quarante*. I am in debt seventeen thousand francs. If I don't find them before to-morrow night I shall be ruined, in every way ruined."

In the midst of her distress an expression of hope crossed the woman's features, that instinctive hope which illumines the most miserable woman when she perceives that she may be of use to the man that maltreats her. Even in the uncertain light of the terrace, Van Motte's victory was visible. In as short a time as was decent, he let himself be persuaded to accept this money from his companion, and Harris's Princess set herself to thinking how in twenty-four hours she could put her hand upon so large a sum.

Van Motte, having made sure of his ends, attempted the words of tenderness for which a minute before she had begged. It was she now who repulsed him.

"Leave me, do please. Go back to ze rooms, I insist. I shall return home. I must be alone—I wish it."

While the Belgian found her carriage, she waited, her ermine drawn close about her. When Van Motte had placed her in the coupé and closed the door, he leaned through the open window, holding her hand to his lips. Her delicate head reclining against the white collar of fur,

she looked, in the obscurity of the carriage, like some sombre portrait by an old master.

"Good night," she repeated. "Good night."

Having lighted a cigarette and puffed at it awhile, his head in the air, Van Motte strolled back in the direction of the Casino. He was content, as one to whom—his moral sense holding no place—all things come easily.

V.

THE day planned for the excursion was ushered in from the East by a violent wind-storm, followed before the morning was many hours old by a fitful, capricious fall of rain which seemed to be chasing imaginary enemies with the intention of drowning them. It swept madly around corners, halted a second, and then threw itself in angry waves against the sleek, clean pavements. The streets were deserted, and the town put on an air of propriety and dullness which made it appear like a repentant child who has returned to her provincial surroundings still decked in the bedraggled garments of a city life.

The few people whose duties took them out were natives. On sunny days they passed unnoticed in the crowd, but under the down-pour the cosmopolitan centre seemed to have become again a village whose silent streets echoed to the sound of wooden shoes, whose mild sea air wafted to peaceful ears the tolling of church-bells.

The Cap Martin party was postponed for a week.

No floods, however, kept Mr. Harris from calling upon the Princess at ten, as had been arranged the evening previous. He spent half an hour with her, and another half-hour trying to remember their conversation and to record it verbatim in his diary. She had seemed nervous, her distress had touched him; he had questioned her as to her purpose in sending for him, her evident embarrassment.

"It's not your boy who is giving you trouble, is it, Princess?"

She had shaken her head at this, and her answer was one which he wrote on a line by itself in the diary.

"I asked you to come because I have friendship . . . more than friendship for you."

Harris hoped that he had n't appeared too awkward. He would have given anything to be able to kiss her hand as he had seen Le Fort touch his lips to Miss Endicott's fingers in a way that meant everything and was irreproachable. Almost at once, however, the Princess had put him at ease, choosing for this end an infallible resource: she had asked him a favor.

He gave up trying to describe in the diary how irresistible her manner was, and how exquisite she looked in her gown of rose-colored silk and lace . . . He simply recorded her words:

"If you were any but an American, I could not ask you zis favor. No foreigner would understand. An American not take advantage. He is gallant enough to sometimes treat a woman as a friend. It is only ze Americans and ze nobility for whom questions of money do not exist."

Harris, put thus upon his honor as a man and an American, had been admirable in his chivalry. He remembered only confusedly his impressions: his sense of justice outraged that a princess should be in need; his feeling of security now for their future friendship; his hesitancy at this moment to express any sentiment; and, above all, his comfortable assurance of equality, and a peculiar tenderness toward this woman who had placed herself in his power by needing him.

Showing that delicacy which in the self-made American's nature is mingled with vulgar traits as gold-dust is scattered through common soil in certain river-beds, Harris, on leaving the Princess, had sent her a box of carnations—her favorite flower. As she lifted out the long-stemmed blossoms somewhat sceptically, she found, hidden among them, an envelope. It contained Harris's card and seventeen one-thousand franc notes.

Mingled with a touch of mockery at the simplicity of the American who, as though money were the least of all things, gave impulsively what others, far cleverer than he, parted with only as the price of an exchange, this cosmopolitan adventuress found in her heart an unmistakable admiration. His guilelessness that came through ignorance of the particular sort of evil for which women are responsible in the world appealed to her more than the cunning of the cosmopolitan who knows all things and believes none.

During this rainy day wherein Harris profited to bring his diary up to date, Miss Endicott and the Countess indulged in an afternoon's seclusion, such as fair weather occupations prevented.

The Countess had grown up in the same town with Olivia's father. The town had become a flourishing Western city, and the development of Mrs. MacBride into a woman of the world—of "two worlds," as the local papers worded it—had been no less marked. She had married an elderly man who had left her a widow at thirty-five, with an income sufficient to live in Detroit. Everybody had supposed that she would marry again. She came abroad, took a house in Paris, travelled in the East, became converted to Catholicism, installed herself upon the highway of charity; she gave largely to those works whose patronesses' names she hoped to see printed next her own in monthly reports, while waiting to see them appear later side by side in society notes.

All this cost more than living in Detroit. The deficit in her income was made good by friends who speculated for her. Any

scruples which might have troubled her conscience regarding the infallible success of her investments were silenced by a feigning on her part of total ignorance concerning all business matters.

"So long as things go all right," she often repeated with a naïve smile, "I ask no questions."

Mr. Endicott, proprietor of the flour-mills, multi-millionaire, was among those who saw in this arrangement of Mrs. MacBride's nothing more than the chivalrous opportunity to help a widow. He had made it seem to her a philanthropic undertaking that she should let Olivia, his daughter, accompany her on one of her transcontinental trips.

"It'll be a charity to my motherless girl," he had explained. "She has real social talents. She ought to see more of the world than she ever can in Detroit. You're interested in good works. You just let me know your pet charity, and we'll call things square."

With her funds in this way augmented, Mrs. MacBride had become so beneficent as to have conferred upon her by Rome the title of Countess. Mr. Endicott, proud at the turn affairs were taking, had sent his daughter across the sea to join this woman who, he thought, was a credit to Detroit.

Olivia found it hard to make friends with the Countess and to confide in her. The opinions of the older woman seemed to take from any subject upon which she expressed them the freshness and life. Olivia felt as though she brought new material to this old hand only to see it turned into ready-made garments of the size that everybody can wear. With the egoism of youth, the American girl was sure that no one had ever been quite in the position she was: between Le Fort and Rutherford. The latter attracted her when she was away from him, and as soon as he appeared she became exasperated. Le Fort, whose presence had an irresistible charm, left her always in a state of revolt and attempted resolution never to see him again. She could not speak of this to the Countess, in whose life the romantic side counted for nothing. She knew in advance what the Countess would say: she would not approve of Le Fort, because he was married, nor of Rutherford, because he was poor. It was not a decision that Olivia wished for; the time had not come yet for a decision. What she wanted was to talk over the situation with some one who would discuss the various incidents of the past three weeks and predict for the future, analyzing her influence upon these two men. Above all, she did not want to hear put into words her own belief that she was acting a dangerous rôle.

Miss Endicott enjoyed the imprisonment caused by the rain: her companion chafed under it.

"If this sort of weather lasts," the Countess repeated, "I shall want to be getting back to Paris."

Her house had been rented for the winter, but the tenants had left in March. She continued:

"Moreover, I prefer setting the lead, to following it."

"You don't think of leaving this week?" Olivia's tone was anxious.

"We can't. We have accepted Mr. Harris's invitation for Monday; that will bring us to the first—quite late enough for the Riviera."

The girl's expression was troubled.

"Don't fancy," her companion laughed, "that we are to be long separated from our faithful attendants! They will all appear before we have been a week in Paris. Paris is delicious. I shall have the pleasure of initiating you in all my haunts."

Miss Endicott made no response. After a time she asked:

"What day do you think we shall leave here?"

And when the older woman, half annoyed at her insistence, had fixed upon the day following Harris's party, it seemed to Olivia that a decision had been made which precipitated in her mind a multitude of smaller decisions.

VI.

RALPH RUTHERFORD had not made love to many women. Yet there was, in his manner with the fairer sex, something which gave them a flattering impression. He had had a delightful mother: one whose delicate nature was strengthened by compassion, and whose force of character was enlivened by her keen understanding of humanity. She had been indulgent and an idealist, the sort of woman whose innate comprehension of men and things serves in better stead than learning. The companion, the consoler, the guide—such Rutherford had found her. And thus it was that his fair friends in general felt something in him more than ordinarily gracious. Thus it was that Rutherford had made love to few women, seeking the ideal, believing it to exist.

He and Harris were stopping at the same hotel, and the younger man, for this reason, had drifted into an acquaintance, almost a friendship, with his compatriot. They had talked together in the noise and confusion at Monte Carlo, and at Harris's request they had more than once chatted for an hour before dinner in the latter's apartments.

"You know just about everybody, don't you, Rutherford?"

This was one of the questions early put, and Harris, as he asked it, had an expression of tender admiration for the man, so young, who had been born with friends.

"It's nothing to inherit money," he continued, "but to have a social set ready-made, to be dropped right down in a circle of your own—that's worth-while!"

Rutherford, fearful lest he might be asked to give his opinion on Harris's acquaintances, spoke of money.

"It's nothing to inherit money, you say, without the rest. But you can't imagine how trying it is to . . ."

He stopped short, astonished at the readiness with which he drifted toward a confidence. "There is something in the simplicity of the vulgar," he thought, "which makes discretion with them seem trivial."

Harris repeated:

"What's so trying?"

And Rutherford, with a frankness which no friend had yet inspired from him in so short a time, told Harris his situation:

"For several generations the Rutherford fortune has diminished. We have been gradually going to ruin. Bad management, I suppose, recklessness, I don't know what. When my mother died I found that there would not be enough left—bread and butter aside—to protect even the house and keep up the property which has been ours since Colonial days. I have put them up for sale, Mr. Harris. Can you realize what it means? Not to be poor—I don't speak of that; but to see your own belongings pass into the hands of others, to lose sight forever of all that was associated with your childhood and with your parents."

Harris followed with absorbed attention. Rutherford, sensitive at his hasty confidence, mistook his companion's attitude for pity. He added quickly:

"Please don't think this in any way an appeal. I have spoken to you because we were discussing the trials of life."

Harris, as though following out some train of thought, asked:

"I think you told me your father died when you were a child?"

"Yes."

"You are quite alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Well," he concluded, "you are too young to stay single. I guess you'll have to marry."

Rutherford winced.

"I have nothing to offer a woman. No poor girl could marry me, and I should hardly ask an heiress to be my wife."

He laughed as he said this, and Harris was struck with the charm of his expression. There was something melancholy in his eyes, offset by the strength of his fine chin and mouth. Like many older people who have failed of romance in their own lives, the millionaire was attracted by the possibility of love which every young person presented to him. As Rutherford pronounced the word "heiress," the image of Miss Endicott flashed through Harris's mind. Pleased with his penetration, he murmured to himself that Rutherford did n't dare ask that girl to marry him because he was so poor!

Rutherford, who had risen and walked the length of the room, faced Harris as he turned.

"You say it's nothing to inherit a fortune, Mr. Harris. I believe that depends very much upon how you have been brought up . . . I've got plenty of friends, no doubt, but—they're almost a humiliation in the present condition of my finances. It isn't work I mind, you understand," he added hastily; "I enjoy the idea of one day being an architect, and I don't a bit hate the hard work at the Beaux Arts, but there's something false in the position of any man who is a victim to changing fortunes—whether for better or worse."

Harris chuckled:

"It's better to have a picture without a frame than a gilded affair with nothing to put in it!"

After this repartee he went to a corner table, from which he produced two glasses and a bottle of whiskey. He mixed a drink, and again he watched admiringly certain tokens of breeding in the younger man. Resentful as a rule of the confidential attitude, Rutherford now seemed inclined to talk freely of himself and his past, his family, his discouragement.

And Harris, later left alone, continued the comparison which he was establishing between the poor American and himself, murmuring to himself:

"He can't marry that girl because he's too poor. And if any one ever marries me . . . it'll be because I'm too rich."

He pulled from his pocket a watch, touched a spring in it, counted the strokes as its clear little chime sounded the hour. Then he rang for his valet. Passing before the mirror, he touched the bell. The light which blazed from crystal candelabras on either side of the chimney caught Harris's attention as its mellow rays mingled with the silver in his hair. How white he had grown! How heavy the lines were in his face! How like his own father he looked!

The resemblance as he studied it was a shock to him.

He had had more than an ordinary affection for the man whose name he bore, yet it was months, years perhaps, since he had thought of him. He recollected him now with all the vulgarity and commonness of their early surroundings. Willingly he would have disclaimed the memory, but there was something tenacious in the image. Between the deceased parent and his pretentious son there was a breach wider than death. Yet as Harris contemplated the likeness he was moved.

Past memories sped like withered leaves across his mind. His present worldly position, his ambitions for the future, to both of which his father's presence, had it been possible, would have struck a fatal blow, seemed suddenly an irrevocable disloyalty. Gradually he became possessed by the yearning to be a child again and with his

parents. He longed to revoke each vain decision in his life, to tear away the barrier which made him now a stranger to his dead.

The valet knocked and entered.

Harris was still before the mirror, but the appearance of the correct man-servant distracted his master. He gave orders hurriedly. At eight he had guests coming for dinner.

It was not until he had been some time with his friends in the perfumed warmth of his palatial dining-room, and in the lively confusion of their merry-making, that the chill produced by the voice of bygone memories left him.

VII.

HARRIS was delighted with the arrangement he had made for driving his party over to Cap Martin. He believed that he had shown tact and propriety: the Princess, the Countess, Van Motte, and himself were to be stowed away in one landau, such as the royalty use on gala days; the Le Forts, Rutherford, and Miss Endicott were to be trundled in the close proximity of a second carriage.

Early in the morning Mrs. Le Fort announced by letter to Harris that a sudden migraine would keep her prisoner during the day. And when Rutherford appeared in riding breeches, asking his host's permission to act as postilion for his guests, Olivia and Le Fort were left to drive over the Corniche *en tête à tête*. To be sure, it was what Olivia had most desired: to be all day alone with this man; though what his power over her was, she could hardly tell. He was more chivalrous than American men, and yet she knew that he was not as sincere. He seemed to be her absolute slave, but she was confident he would not do for her what Rutherford would. It was in small things that the foreigner paid her court. She felt with him that life was less important than the caprice she might invent to let him prove his devotion. The American, on the other hand, never let her lose sight of the truth; almost tragic in his sincerity, he was capable of refusing her a banal request for some reason of justice or principle. She would have sacrificed Le Fort for Rutherford, had it been necessary to choose between the two, but so long as both were there, she contented herself with approving inwardly of her compatriot and amusing herself with the foreigner.

The day was warm. The ladies in their pale-colored muslin gowns appeared, under the fluttering shadows of their parasols, like so many tropical birds in the sunlight.

Le Fort's feelings were very different from Olivia's as they prepared to take their places side by side in the carriage. The *piquant* of this affair to him was that it should be a secret. Thus the prospect of a whole day in which he was to have her with him as though it were a

natural and not a stolen pleasure, disconcerted him in his plan of conquest. He saw no way whereby he might benefit in such a situation. Any marked attention on his part could only complicate matters by attracting the suspicion of the Countess, whose naïve confidence was too propitious to be jeopardized. Moreover, a long day in which the American girl listened to his half-hidden declarations might surfeit her. It would, at all events, not have a stimulating effect upon the imagination. In order that Olivia might think sentimentally of him, in order that he might charm her by the gallantry of his indirect love-making, he concluded that there must be a third person, and that third person a woman, in their carriage.

Harris, perceiving Le Fort's hesitation, proposed to the Princess with disinterested courtesy, a place in the landau with Olivia. She accepted with the smiling acquiescence that characterized her. Le Fort seated himself opposite them. The horses sprang forward and the party was under way.

There was not a breath of wind blowing. The sun, round and ardent, mounted patiently a cloudless sky, devouring the shadows with its midday rays. The warmth of the air, the intensity of the light, gave the impression of sluggishness; the sea itself was torpid. Its slow, monotonous waves, changeless, unbroken, moved back and forth against the shore. The sharp sound of the horses' hoofs against the hard roads rang out to the accompaniment of their collar-bells. As the carriage passed, the dust took life and rose from under the wheels; it rolled lazily along and shattered itself upon the rosemary and broom bushes whose branches were freighted with the gray powder.

Olivia, having several times rearranged her wraps, became petulant about the heat. It gratified Le Fort to see that she was piqued. The Princess, as always, smiling and gracious, attempted several topics of conversation. Le Fort's responses were followed by silence.

"Driving always makes one drowsy," Olivia volunteered.

Gay with that sort of cheerfulness that reserves its reaction for hours of solitude, the Princess laughingly rejoined:

"I zink we are hungree. Mr. Harris start us very late. It is already after twelve!"

She consulted a tiny watch whose jewels flashed in the lace of her gown. Le Fort sought Olivia's eyes and said to her:

"I believe that more can be suggested by silence than by words. There are so many expressions we become accustomed to long before they can have meaning for us."

He turned to the older woman as though she might better understand him. Olivia, who had been *distracte*, watched him closely as he took his gaze from her. He went on:

"The three banal words, for example, 'I love you,' are worn

threadbare before we use them. They have been too often on the lips of others. They are less eloquent than certain silences."

With a graceful movement the Princess tossed her head. Olivia, however, answered seriously:

"I don't agree with you. One may have heard hand-organs grind out celebrated airs all one's childhood, but one's emotion is none the less great the first night one goes to the opera and hears real music. It's just the same with love," she said, "or, at least, I should think it would be."

Le Fort did not carry the argument farther. They were approaching the point of land among whose trees nestles the Hôtel du Cap Martin, where they were to lunch and spend the afternoon. A light breeze had sprung up; it ruffled the metallic waters, disturbed the sun's image on their surface. Already several white clouds had made their appearance on the horizon.

Under the *marquis* of the hotel the party assembled for a moment, exchanging news as to the drive over. Harris looked proudly at his guests; his heart swelled with inward satisfaction.

Lunch had been ordered in advance, but while the ladies retired to repair the disorder that wind and dust had caused in their delicate toilets, their host occupied himself with adding further luxuries to the menu. The table had been spread on the terrace facing the sea. Its blue waters shone luminous through the dark trunks of the umbrella pines which rose, straight and slender, from the red earth beneath to a summit through whose slanting boughs the wind made its whispering way.

When Harris's party had seated themselves, Olivia alone of them all seemed restless. The sound of the breeze in the tree-tops, the sight of a far-away horizon where sky and ocean, under the haze of a nuptial veil, kissed and were one, stirred in her memory impressions left there by the contemplation of similar scenes on the Western lakes where she had lived. There was an incongruity between this pleasing aspect and the triviality that surrounded her in the name of refinement, civilization. It was to the charm of the latter, however, that she yielded after a moment's revery. The outcry of hunger was general. On the white table, the hors d'œuvres rested like autumn leaves upon a parterre of snow—crimson crevettes, purple beet-root, dark, moist caviare. The wine was poured, red and gold it flashed in the transparent glasses. With his black coat and white apron, the *maitre d'hôtel* superintended the presentation of each dish. There was a murmur of conversation broken by outbursts of laughter. Harris's guests talked of everything and of nothing, oblivious of past and future, dwelling upon the present only, wherein they might eat, drink, and be merry.

When coffee and liqueurs were served, Harris decided inwardly that

he had never been so happy. The Princess, taking a small case from the gold bag on her wrist, lighted a cigarette, and announced that she would remain with the men to smoke. In an agreeably reminiscent mood, the Countess confided, *sotto voce*, to Van Motte, certain episodes which discretion forced her to withhold from her written memoirs.

Rutherford, tall and handsome in his riding clothes, had risen. Le Fort, seeing this, had turned at once to Olivia.

"If you like," he said, "I will take you down through the woods to the shore."

With a touch of coquetry she asked:

"We can go alone?"

"By all means."

"Then come."

It was she who led the way, now following the path, now leaving it to speed more swiftly over the rocky descent. Half-way down she stopped and listened:

"Did n't you hear somebody call?"

Le Fort, out of breath, shook his head. This excited the girl's merriment.

"I'll have pity on you," she said, choosing a spot that was fit to sit upon and showing it to Le Fort. He waited until she had settled herself, her skirts drawn about her, then he threw himself at her feet. Warm from the chase, she took off her hat and tossed it to the man. The wind lifted her hair from the temples whose moisture had caught its fine tendrils.

"I hate the heat!" she cried.

"And me?" he asked, turning so that he could look directly at her.

"Do you hate me?"

"What a silly question!"

"Well?" he repeated.

"I like you, of course, or I should n't be here."

Le Fort put out his hand as though to cover one of hers. She drew away. He was puzzled. What, he asked himself, was to be the outcome of this mutual attraction? Did Olivia's familiarity with him mean nothing but her desire for conquest? Was her resistance merely the perversity of a spoiled child? She had done a dozen things which from a married woman he would have taken for encouragement. She spoke as though her experience were great—indeed, she seemed proud of it—yet any allusion to this on Le Fort's part stirred her indignation. He believed that she was more sentimental than passionate, and that he could more readily rouse her pity than her ardor.

"Come," she said to him, "we have n't much time. I want to see the ocean."

And she started again on her downward course. He rejoined her

only at the water's edge, where she stood among the rocks, facing the wind, which blew against her light dress as though it sought to model in all its delicacy the lithe, young form.

Aware that the noise of the breeze as it rushed past them, the lapping of the waves, the immensity of the horizon, were carrying the girl at every moment further from him, Le Fort drew her into a niche under the rocks. Like a statue suddenly clothed she seemed transformed in this shelter. Her dress fell limp about her, her hair lost its classic rigidity. She looked at Le Fort bewildered. He had not taken his hand from her arm.

"How beautiful it is here!" she cried.

"How beautiful you are—you!" he repeated. "I see nothing else, Olivia!"

"Don't, I beg of you." She shrank from him. He persisted:

"Have pity on me! Put an end to my torment—you see that I love you—you must perceive it. Give me only some slight proof that I am not indifferent to you."

She shook her head. Her eyes, full of tenderness, met his. Catching her hand, he pressed it against his lips, murmured to it his declaration, and, lifting again his face fraught with emotion, he turned to the girl:

"I have come too late. There is some one to whom you have already given your heart."

"No, no," Olivia protested; "that is not so!"

But Le Fort let her hand drop and carried his own across his brow as though in pain. It seemed to Olivia, in her distress and agitation, that unless she made some demonstration this man who pleased her as no one ever had would slip from her, be gone beyond the reach where she might recall him and make him feel at least her tenderness for him.

"How blind I have been!" he murmured. "But how could I know?"

There was something definitive in his tone which awakened Olivia's despair. She held out her hand close to his arm, then let it fall.

"Can't you see?" she asked. "Can't you understand?"

Le Fort shook his head without looking at her. She came closer to him. He appeared so miserable.

"You mustn't care for me. It's wrong, you can't love me."

"But I do love you;" and his words sounded low and musical; words swift and ardent, that sped as the wind had a moment before, searching, telling, persistent.

"Hush!" she whispered, drawing closer to him, appealing to him. "It's wrong to speak to me in this way."

"Because you love some one else?"

"No, no," she reiterated. And then, struggling to speak what was in her thoughts, she heard him say:

"I have been insistent, indiscreet, but I was blinded. Hereafter——"

The power to reason was slipping from her. The arguments that had restrained her, those they concerned, and all the rest of the world, counted for nothing before this irresistible, impelling attraction.

"Hereafter, what?" she cried.

And to the beautiful image which Le Fort's eyes caressed as he spoke, he said solemnly:

"I shall not force myself upon you."

He had hoped that she would allude to his wife, that she would speak of the bond, that he might show her how light a thing it was, that he might wring from her some promise as to a future in which conditions would be changed. But her silence disconcerted him.

Returning to the conviction that pity was more prompt than love in the heart of this young girl whose familiarity he had mistaken for experience, he spoke again of leaving her; there was something in Olivia's expression between passion and the exasperation of the spoiled child. Touched and excited, he went further than he had meant in his promise of renunciation.

"I had hoped only," he said, "for a word of encouragement, to hear you say that you might some day learn to love me. This is unexpected. We have been together so constantly. It seemed natural—how could any one be with you and not love you? I did not think that you were like other Americans: a mere coquette—a flirt, as you call it. Ah, Olivia!"—he hid his face from her. "You have not realized what my feelings were or you would not have done this! Now added to the . . . horror . . . of my life, I have this new burden to bear."

Olivia hesitated.

"Come!" he cried. "Courage!" and, holding out his hand, he added:

"It is best for us to see nothing more of each other. I could not endure the thought that between us there was another man—a man whom you care for. Ah, no; not that!"

"Don't!"—she was by his side. "Don't say that again. You know it's not true."

His eyes, distressed and searching, met hers. Simply and with an impulse that was almost childlike, Olivia lifted her face to his, resting against him an instant, waiting. And as his lips touched her cheek she sprang away, darting from the cave where they had stood, starting upward over the narrow path. Le Fort, under the spell of this embrace, watched her, half dazed. He could see how flushed her cheeks, how brilliant her eyes, as she called back to him:

"Don't follow me! Don't! I forbid you!"

Climbing, falling, losing her way, she ran on, dropping at last on her knees and bursting into tears.

The hotel was within a few hundred feet. She could hear the sound of voices—somebody was singing—and from another direction came the noises of a stable, the clanking of chains and harnesses. They would be going back in a short time to Monte Carlo; she must compose herself for the long drive. The whole world and everything that might happen in it seemed insignificant and foolish compared to the tumult raging within her heart. Her life was ended, of course. Or had she just begun to live? Where was Le Fort, and what would they think had become of her?

Suddenly she caught sight of Rutherford coming toward her through the trees. Of course he knew everything; he must have seen her. She had never been more miserable; she had never been so happy.

"They sent me to find you." Rutherford's tone was natural, he was not a comedian, evidently he knew nothing. "The carriages are ready," he went on. "Mr. Harris wants you to have a cup of tea before we start back."

When she had joined the others Le Fort made some banal remark to her about having missed the path. Then they took their places again as in the morning, trundling backward over the broad white corniche. But her wonder and astonishment had changed to fatigue. She longed to be alone, to weep away with tears the memories of this memorable day.

VIII.

AFTER their five weeks' sojourn at Monte Carlo, the Countess and Miss Endicott had taken the Southern Express which brought them to Paris early one morning toward the end of April. It was Olivia's first visit to the French capital. The Countess, who had been almost a year absent from her home, looked forward with physical enjoyment to regaining possession of her own belongings. At the train a man-servant in livery met the ladies and took charge of their luggage, after placing them in the carriage which was waiting. In the corner of the victoria there was a cushion which the Countess shook into place. It was the only cushion that exactly fitted her back, and she had been separated from it for ten months. The comfort of it suggested other forgotten luxuries, which made the subject of her conversation as they drove down the Rue Lafayette from the depot, crossed in Rue Auber, and, after spanning the boulevard from the Opéra to the Madeleine, turned into the Champs Elysées.

Olivia scarcely heard her companion's material effusions. She was attentive to the charms of the city. The morning air was damp and fresh, the sunlight was dazzling after the long night in the train. The

streets glistened under the stream of the sprinkler's hose. The mechanical sob of the tramways mingled with the cries of the street vendors, the cracking of whips, the rumbling of wheels over wooden pavements. Between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe, which appeared against a misty sky, the chestnut trees made a splendid cortège, their royal *panaches* of snowy blossoms offsetting their mantles of green. Olivia felt herself exultant. This was the Paris of which she had dreamed all her life. Every new impression was mingled with a vague sentimentality. She was at that moment of her existence when each to-morrow holds all the possibilities for whose fulfilment youth must go hostage. The Countess, on the contrary, had reached that age when certainties are better than hopes. It would have been difficult for her to thrill at anything; above all, she wanted to be comfortable.

The Countess's *hôtel* was situated in one of the side streets near the Arc de Triomphe. The perpetual movement of carriages passing to and from the Bois de Boulogne sounded to her like the murmur at her very door of a festive throng. This noise kept her company when she was alone. It gave her at all times the feeling that she was really "living" in Paris society.

Her house, though small, had a pretentious entrance. A liveried man-servant sat ever in readiness at the right of the porte cochère to receive whatever callers the Countess might have. They were heterogeneous, her friends, of all nationalities and every social condition. She asked whomever she met to have tea with her on her following day at home. The transformation of her salon was continual. The vacancies left by those whom she no longer cared to see, or by those who no longer cared to see her, were filled again by the more recently made acquaintances.

When the ladies had been a week or more settled, the Countess had resumed all of her Parisian habits. She had her own hour with the coiffeur, the masseuse, the manicure. She took her Wednesdays at home as she did always in the spring. With Olivia she went every morning to the Bois before lunch for a diminutive "constitutional." From two until three the Countess rested, and before tea came an hour of visiting, and after, a late drive in the Bois.

It amused the Countess to watch Olivia's enthusiasm.

The first dinner to be given by the Countess was under discussion in her boudoir, where she and Olivia took their morning breakfast. The Countess had before her on the table the cards which had been left since their arrival.

"We shall have to ask Mr. Harris," she said.

"Have to? Don't you like him?"

"And I shall have the Baron and Baroness Benoni," she continued,

counting on her fingers. "Mr. Rutherford, I suppose. Van Motte, of course! I forgot him. That makes seven. The Princess makes eight. Oh, Le Fort and his wife—she has such beautiful pearls. With two extra men we shall be twelve."

As she said Le Fort's name Olivia sprang up. The color had flushed into her cheeks, and she wished to hide it from her companion. Since the day at Cap Martin she had not seen the Frenchman. When he had called to bid them good-by at Monte Carlo she had feigned a migraine. He had written twice, she had not answered. She had determined not to receive him.

Now, without turning from the window where she stood, she said eagerly to the Countess:

"Please don't ask the Le Forts!"

"Not ask them? How absurd! They were with us perpetually at Monte Carlo. We met Mr. Harris through them. We have been inseparable for weeks, we give our first dinner in Paris, Mr. Harris comes to it, and they are left out? You are unreasonable. It would 'make a scandal,' as they say here. You have taken a dislike to Le Fort," she concluded, "but when one goes out in society, my child, one must learn to have no feelings which one cannot hide."

Olivia had turned. Her hair was like a halo through which shone the morning light as it came from the east, golden, caressing the round curves of her throat, losing itself in the soft folds of her pink dressing-gown, following in luminous rays the lines of her slender figure. There was anger, revolt, in her expression. Her eyes seemed a trifle blind, as they become in the swift emotion preceding tears. It was the short moment of rebellion, intense, desperate, against circumstances which made the wrong she wished to do appear in the light of a worldly duty. In open resistance to temptation she would seem ridiculous, and in secret warfare how long, she asked herself, would her strength hold out before the subtle tactics of the foreigner?

IX.

AT the angle of the Avenue de l'Alma, Van Motte, turning into the Champs Elysées, came upon Mr. Le Fort. He was in evening dress, and Van Motte concluded that he must also be dining at the Countess MacBride's.

"And Mrs. Le Fort?" he asked.

"She will be there," Le Fort rejoined with a shade of irony. "I came on foot in order to avoid one of the discussions that generally take place in the carriage on the way to dinners."

The evening was warm, and between the fading reflection of the sunset and the freshly lighted gas the obscurity of the streets was somewhat bewildering. Van Motte hazarded a question:

"Mrs. Le Fort is jealous?"

He put a comprehensive note on the last word.

"Yes," Le Fort answered him; "jealous, scenes all the time."

"Yes? But not about Miss Endicott?"

Le Fort was laconic. For some time they walked on under the chestnut trees, whose broad leaves, motionless in the still air, seemed outspread to catch the rays reflected upward about the street-lamps.

In this artificial illumination, to which the dusk gave a mysterious value, the avenue appeared to be hung with links of emerald and gold.

Van Motte, oblivious of the night and its beauty, was curious about his companion. When Le Fort showed his conjugal irritation the moment seemed favorable for a confidence.

"You're not," he said tentatively—"you're not really in love with Miss Endicott, are you?"

Le Fort looked at him directly and then shrugged his shoulders, adding:

"I believe she's in love with me."

His companion's answer was decided:

"You don't know Americans."

"In what way?" Le Fort asked.

"American girls. You can't compromise them as you can French girls, who have no liberty. They are free. It never occurs to an American girl that a married man——"

Le Fort put in deliberately:

"One can divorce."

Van Motte raised his eyebrows, making no other response. Presently, when they had threaded their way through the carriages moving hither and thither towards the Bois and swathed in the dust and confusion that characterize at all hours the Place de l'Etoile, Le Fort said:

"You know Americans thoroughly, don't you?"

"Fairly well," was the reply. "I have been eighteen months with Mr. Harris."

"And it goes?" There was a certain sociability in Le Fort's tone which expressed his feeling that he and the Belgian were companions in a similar effort to get what they could out of the naïve Westerner from over the seas, whose money was a small price to pay in exchange for a little worldly wisdom and position.

"Goes!" Van Motte exclaimed.

They had reached the Countess's porte cochère, but the secretary detained his companion a moment to tell him with a contented laugh that broke into his phrases and once or twice interrupted him:

"Goes! Why, Harris signed a check yesterday for the stables of Baron X.; and, my dear man, Harris will *run the Grand Prix!*"

It was toward the end of the Countess's dinner that Mr. Harris himself announced this bit of news to his companions at table. There was a murmur of surprise and interest. The Countess, who had relaxed her somewhat anxious features into a contented smile as the success of the dinner began to declare itself, now leaned back in her chair; she unfurled her white ostrich-feather fan, and as the ladies hummed with questions for Harris's new hobby, she waved the plumes back and forth on their amber sticks, composing to herself a notice of this dinner to appear in the society columns of the *Herald* the following morning.

Olivia was less at ease. If Le Fort by walking to the Countess MacBride's had avoided the scene of jealousy which he felt to be pending, Mrs. Le Fort had escaped none of the bitterness which this scene implied. At the moment of their arrival, Olivia, having gone into the hall to give an order, overheard an appeal from Mrs. Le Fort to her husband: her name was mentioned in a tone she could not mistake, and she had only time to draw quickly behind a curtain as the Le Forts passed her on their way to find the Countess in the salon.

In an instant the glamour which had enveloped this affair for her vanished. Her sentimental feeling for Le Fort was replaced by one of repulsion and anger; it was her pride which raged against this man who could let her become the subject of a jealous discussion between himself and his wife. His wife! She was jealous! Jealous of her, Olivia! She must think, then, that Olivia was in love with Le Fort? How dared she? It was ridiculous, preposterous! Olivia would show her plainly and rapidly enough her mistake, and if there were any suffering caused by her brusque change of manner it would be on Le Fort's part. Then perhaps his wife would see who it was that cared! She was indignant, offended. But when on her return to the salon Le Fort had spoken a few words to her in his low, insinuating tone, the feeling of giddiness took possession of her, irresistible, imperative, as it takes possession of one who approaches a precipice.

At dinner, she had scarcely dared look at him, and when coffee was served in the small salon where the men were permitted by the Countess to smoke, she devoted herself to Rutherford, drawing him with her into a corner and urging him to talk about his work in Paris.

Harris was the object of more attention even than before. This sudden association with the Baron X., his sudden entrance upon the turf, his brilliant introduction to the sporting world, put a new value upon the already precious American. He had hitherto been more or less monopolized by the little coterie who had so readily formed themselves about him at Monte Carlo; the Baroness Benoni it was, with her husband, who had selected Harris's hotel for him in the Avenue de l'Alma, and furnished it before his arrival, so that upon reaching

Paris he had but to make out a check in this lady's name, and take possession of his home. Each one of Harris's friends pictured him in this fresh connection as slipping possibly out of her grasp, and thus each redoubled her gaiety, content at having got the start ahead of others, and fairly confident that her flattering familiarity and good humor would always be preferred by Harris to the formal restraint of the strictly correct circles.

When several of the Countess's guests had left, she took Van Motte into her boudoir, where she consulted him regarding the publication of her memoirs. The Princess, thus left alone with Harris in the salon, coaxed from him the little note-book upon which she had seen him jot down that part of his life that business did not compel him to remember.

"I may?" she asked, looking up at him with an irresistible smile, the note-book half open in her hand.

"I have no secrets," Harris responded, flattered at her curiosity. "You won't find much that is interesting. There are no mysteries in my life, Princess."

He was pleased, and more pleased when the Princess, with something he thought childlike in her manner, asked if he would not take her some night to the Café de Paris and some night to Armenonville, with a party, of course. When these distractions had been arranged for and noted in the small book, the Princess, with a little air of pouting, as though nothing but what Harris could give her would make her quite happy, asked:

"Since you are going to be such a great horseman, you will surely drive us in a coach to Auteuil and to Longchamps?"

Harris jumped forward in his chair.

"Drive four? I can't do it. I don't know how, and it's too late to learn between now and the Grand Prix."

He found her adorable to have proposed it.

She said persuasively:

"But Mr. Van Motte—he drives four as he does everything, to perfection."

There was a glance of understanding and gratitude exchanged between the Princess and Harris's Belgian secretary, and when the Countess returned, a few moments later, she was asked to be one of the party whom Van Motte was to drive out to the races.

Rutherford, as he strolled homeward, disinclined to return within doors, reflected on the Countess's guests and upon Olivia's manner, which had become so suddenly friendly to him.

"She is so different from the others," he thought. "I wonder if she realizes it? If she does, she must suffer." It seemed to him as though she had turned to him instinctively that night, feeling that

there were things which she and he understood and which the others did not perceive. She had asked him even to take her out of town—to Versailles or St. Cloud—some day soon.

"The Countess won't approve," she had said, "but you're an American, and I can go where I like with Americans."

It pleased Rutherford to suppose that it was not because of his nationality only that Olivia felt she could go with him where she liked. Yet at the bottom of his heart there was a touch of bitterness. He was troubled, and he walked far on into the night, for he could not get Olivia out of his thoughts, and he believed that she had no right there. He was falling in love with her. Indeed, he admitted that he *had fallen* in love with her, the first time he saw her. He was penniless, and she was an heiress . . . He was not even sure that he ought to see her again.

X.

HARRIS was in love.

The whole meaning of life now was summed up for him in this assurance, he woke up to the thought of it, he dressed himself as he believed a man in love should dress; he looked at himself in the glass and murmured to his reflection:

"I love her, I love her desperately."

But the expressions which he was able to give to this dawning passion were exhausted by him in the hours of solitude. When he found himself with the Princess he trembled lest she should suspect something of his feelings and consider him indelicate. Moreover, this tenderness and sudden desire to please had come late to Harris, as he himself often reflected. He was awkward, ignorant, he had not made love to any woman since the young days of silent courting when, in the moonlight, he had held his arm about some girl's waist, with no further eloquence to plead for him than an occasional pressure of the hand. With the Princess, he felt that he must say something all the time, and, not yet knowing what to say, he showed his devotion by spending upon her all the money that propriety would permit.

Harris made an elaborate toilet for his coaching party to Auteuil. He would have been glad, once dressed, to have Van Motte's opinion as to the correctness of his get-up. But seeing Van Motte these days was quite out of the question. He was on the go from morning until night. Indeed, Harris had observed to him that he was as much of a "racer" as Tenaflly. Yet from morning until night Harris heard nothing but the Turf discussed. Van Motte and the Baron X., he reflected—half joyous, half abashed at the fact—were making a regular sport of him.

It happened to him frequently now, on entering one of the restaurants or cafés where everybody is known, to be pointed out and

designated in a whisper as "the rich American whose little mare Tenaflly is getting all odds for the Grand Prix."

Harris's feeling of gratitude to the little mare Tenaflly was more than a vague, dim sentiment of thankfulness that she had made him a sport; he was definitely indebted to her for helping along his courtship of the Princess . . .

It was not until his party were all seated on the coach that Harris began thoroughly to enjoy himself. There was a slight humiliation for him in being yet unable to drive his own four; but he concluded that, free as he was, on the seat behind Van Motte, with the Princess at his side, he at least had a charming opportunity for devoting himself to this lady.

The heavy vehicle turned into the Champs Elysées, where the rumble of its wheels, the clinking of its chains, mingled with the general murmur of equipages upon whose brilliantly lacquered surfaces and glistening steeds the sun shone dazzling.

The crowd grew more packed as they approached the Auteuil race-course, and Harris's eyes, trained already by the expeditions he had made with Van Motte to the same scene of festivities on occasions less brilliant than this celebrated Drag-day, scanned the rows of four-in-hands already drawn up near the *pelouse*, and his inward satisfaction was great. There was nothing that could equal his irreproachable turnout.

Though the Baron X. had linked his arm within the American's as soon as they approached the *pesage*, this notable sportsman did not seem eager to meet Harris's friends. Each time that a presentation was mentioned, the foreigner deftly turned the matter in such a way that Harris, when he was left alone, felt bewildered. And bewildered he was also about another matter . . . A hundred times in the afternoon, at the *pesage*, in the shady nooks back of the *tribune* where he rested between races, in the open sunlight on the *pelouse*, he asked himself if this were the place and the time to show the Princess something of his sentiment for her. His decisions for and against a declaration varied, but his courage continued unequal to the ordeal.

"We have got the summer before us," he thought, "and September at Lugano. Great heavens!" was his inward comment at this prospect, "it's marvellous how happy a man can be when he once gets the swing of it."

As for Olivia, she had never been so happy.

She had never seen together so many smart-looking people. The women as they trailed their exquisite gowns over the soft green turf appeared to her like fairies in an enchanted garden. Everybody was occupied with betting, with horses and jockeys. Nobody seemed to feel as she did about the brilliant beauty of the scene. The grand-

stand looked to her like a magic valentine, with one vista after another of beauty so mysterious and so artificial that it threatened at a moment's notice to vanish, and was meanwhile, for this reason, more alluring.

XI.

OLIVIA had not seen Le Fort alone since their return from Monte Carlo. Two months had slipped by in the agreeable confusion of worldly pleasures and amusements. She hardly knew whether she regretted or was relieved by the circumstances which made it impossible for her to be alone with this man who was ever present in her recollection. They were frequently together, at the Opéra, at the Races, at one of Harris's Armenonville parties. In these meetings which had no character of intimacy, Le Fort arranged always to tell Olivia in an undertone what his feelings for her were. These whispered messages, spoken with a caressing tone and so rapidly that Olivia hardly knew whether she had understood, were what she cared about most in her life. The rest was anticipation of the moment when Le Fort in spite of obstacles was able to tell her something which she half regretted, and which made her each time feel that she must take some definite decision against him.

The suggestion mentioned by Le Fort to Van Motte on the evening of the Countess's dinner had not once occurred to Olivia as a possibility. She had not heard him pronounce the word "divorce" with an intonation that implied for it his own approbation; so it was perhaps the very hopelessness of the situation which, for her, had a melancholy charm and permitted her thoughts to dwell with a certain self pity on what she considered a desperately unfortunate love affair. It was because the Countess had at last perceived something of this affair that she permitted Olivia to go one day with Rutherford as she had planned, to St. Cloud. She consented indifferently, languidly, as though she attached no importance to anything any one could do with Rutherford.

"He is perfectly well bred," she admitted, "but so limited, my dear. A man without money—what can you expect? His conversation cannot be very interesting. If you want to take tea at the Pavillon Bleu, there is no reason why you should not. It is harmless and bourgeois enough."

So it was one warm afternoon, towards the middle of June, that Rutherford responded to Olivia's somewhat peremptory summons. When she came into the little salon where he waited in the sunny obscurity of a room whose shutters were closed against the sun's radiant rays, he looked gratefully at her.

"How good of you!" he said.

Olivia contradicted him, shaking her head.

"No, it was n't good of me. I wanted to go. We never get away from the city. The whole spring is gone without my seeing it."

She was drawing on her long white gloves, she melted into them her slender wrists, she pushed the fullness upward towards her sleeve. Rutherford watched her. When she had stroked the soft suède into place she let her arms fall and looked at him.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

She insisted that they take the boat. She had never been on the *bateaux-mouches*, and it was what she wanted most to do. Rutherford was somewhat uneasy at bringing her thus into contact with the throng of hard-working people who crowd the deck of the fleet Seine ferries, but her simplicity he saw made her oblivious of the dusty, toil-worn laborers, the "little people." They caught sight of her, in her exquisite gown of pink batiste, her hat of black plumes, and her parasol of pink, as one beholds an orchid or some flower that is natural and beautiful.

Leaving the river at St. Cloud, Rutherford and Olivia had soon climbed the long, roughly paved hillside and entered the park. Olivia was delighted. It was really a park, this St. Cloud about which she had heard so much. It was really a forest; it was almost like America. Why had she not come before? They must return often now that she had found the way.

"I'm afraid you won't be in Paris long enough to come often," Rutherford said to her. "Why, the season is almost over. You will be going to Aix or Deauville or some place with the Countess."

"Yes," she assented; "I suppose we will have to go to Aix in July. I shall hate it, it is so hot, and just like Paris."

Rutherford had found an old stone bench, and he proposed that they rest.

"I don't need to rest," she said, "but I'd just as soon sit down. It seems thousands of miles away from a city here. You can't believe that Paris is right there;" and she pointed to a break in the beech trees beyond which appeared the horizon of the populous town, at this distance silent and enveloped in the haze from countless chimneys, whose smoke blended the innumerable homes into one vast gigantic field of masonry.

When Olivia had sat down on the stone bench, Rutherford sat beside her on the grass.

"You can't imagine," he said, "how becoming that green light is to you."

And he covered thus his desire to look at Olivia, to look not only at her eyes, but to watch and study her. Every turn of her head, every gesture, the roundness of her waist, her slender throat, the grace of her whole being, breathed for him a charm ineffable.

When Olivia turned her gaze from the far-away city to her companion, he was still looking at her. Hastily he said:

"And in August? Have you any plans for August?"

"We are going with Mr. Harris coaching over the Simplon to Lugano. But I thought you were coming, too?"

His eyes met hers questioningly.

"I am asked," he said.

"Do go," she urged, with a tone so friendly and so devoid of sentiment that Rutherford felt as though she had added: "It can't make any difference to me whether you come or not."

He planned promptly a bit of diplomacy. Was he jealous—could he be? he asked himself. Aloud he said:

"I don't care much for some of the people Mr. Harris has asked on his party."

Rutherford believed that, added to the pink reflection which clouded about Olivia in the soft folds of her dress, there was a touch of deeper rose color in her cheeks as she asked quickly:

"Which people don't you like?"

"The Le Forts." He pronounced the name slowly, and then after a moment he added: "Not both of the Le Forts. I think the wife is all right."

The color was dyeing crimson the cheeks over which it spread. Rutherford went on:

"The man, too, may be all right, only I don't care for that sort."

"What sort?" Her tone was hard.

"I don't think Le Fort is a good friend."

Here Rutherford threw from him the blade of grass as though it were something heavy that disgusted him.

Olivia shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know anything about him as a friend. The Countess MacBride and I could hardly consider him more than an acquaintance. He is amusing," she added—"more amusing than the average."

She was thinking of the day at Cap Martin. She remembered Rutherford's expression as she had come upon him under the trees near the hotel. That he should be vaguely jealous in an undefined sort of way, she did not object, but if in reality his remarks about Le Fort were the outcome of a suspicion founded on what he had seen or heard, then she resented his manner, which was much too pointed for one who, as she put it in her rapid mental summary, "did not even care for her."

"One does n't have to make friends with every one," she said, trying to provoke Rutherford to a further criticism of Le Fort. Her companion smiled at her, and, coming over to where she was, he asked if he might sit by her on the stone bench, and then he said:

"I hope you will make a friend of me."

"Yes, of course," she responded, reseating herself with a sweep of her pink skirts on the end of the bench, opposite the man.

"I mean a true friend," he said. "The kind of a friend who would do anything, and be ready to serve you to the end."

"Americans are so different," she began.

Rutherford waited, and then:

"Better or worse?"

"Neither. They're so awfully safe!" she laughed.

"And Frenchmen?" he asked, piqued at being put in the category of the harmless.

"Foreigners are all villains, of course," she said. "That has been decided long ago, but they do treat one as though one were a woman, and not as though they had never seen anything but boys and men."

"Is that what we do?"

Rutherford was amused, seeing that Olivia was giving something of herself in this unconscious avowal of her preferences.

"Oh, Americans!" She stopped and laughed. "You don't count, do you? Americans think it is uncivilized to treat you as though——"

"As though what?"

"Oh, I don't know." And she seemed to regret. Her brows were puckered, and she did not see how to put what she wanted to say. "As though one were not intended to be made love to; as though it were sort of tragic and unnatural to tell a woman that they love her." She turned to him, her head thrown back, one arm outstretched and balancing her parasol upon its pointed tip which she had sunk into the ground. "There is nothing tragic about it, is there?"

"It depends——"

Olivia did not let him continue.

"You are just like the others!" she cried. "It depends, it always depends!"

"And with foreigners," Rutherford corrected himself—"with a foreigner it does n't depend?"

"No, not exactly. Foreigners don't seem to classify every woman except the one they marry as 'impossible' and treat her as though they did n't even see her."

"Then we're very much in the wrong?" asked Rutherford, with something that was like physical pain at what Olivia was saying.

"I don't know whether you're wrong. You're just different."

She was surprised at the ease with which she talked to this man, knowing him not to be in love with her.

"I don't believe—in fact, I'm sure," she said—"that I should n't want an American to make love to me unless he really loved me."

"Whereas the others?"

"Oh, they are so clever! They mean nothing they say, and they say it so deliciously."

Rutherford was raging inwardly, raging against the men who had dared to say anything to Olivia, against the influence which surrounded her and of whose perfidy she was unconscious; raging against his own longing to protect her as he loved her, and against his inability to speak; against his poverty which forbade him the right even to show her how he cared for her. The outcome of this sudden intrusion of discouraging thoughts upon his mind was an exclamation that sounded almost like a groan. Olivia looked swiftly at him, and the color mounted to her cheeks as she saw in the eyes that met hers an expression which seemed at the same time to judge her and to appeal to her. This worldly emancipation of which she was growing proud, since it permitted her to live with greater familiarity and ease among those who constituted her *milieu*, seemed, as she thought of it from Rutherford's point of view, something to be regretted, something insincere, that diminished her in his esteem.

She got up from the stone bench and pulled her parasol from the hole into which she had driven it.

"It must be late," she said. "I want to go back to Paris now."

"We have had no tea!" Rutherford exclaimed, conscious suddenly, by the lengthening shadows, of how quickly the time had passed. "The Countess will think I have taken bad care of you. I am afraid she won't trust you to me again."

Olivia answered nothing. Her pink gown trailed its light flounces over the moss and underbrush in the path as they walked on. When they came out into the open road, she gathered up her skirts and struck out quickly, setting the pace for Rutherford. She did not look at him again. He was telling her about St. Cloud: how the people had burned it during the Commune, how beautiful it was, how the Emperor had lived there with the little Prince Imperial. She only half heard him. She was thinking that his way of looking at things was different from hers; that he had been brought up in the East and she in the West, that his family was an old one—one of the oldest in America—and that hers—what was hers? Her father was the only person she had ever known in her family. Where were the others? These reflections had been started in her mind by Rutherford's exclamation before they turned homeward, and by the expression in his eyes as he had looked at her; she had seen him, it seemed to her, for the first time then. Something had gone out from her to him in that exchange of glances. She was under an impression of having been with him for years and of finding it natural. She wanted to know about him—all about him.

"You see," he was saying, "the Prussians stormed the place right

and left, they even pillaged it. There"—he stopped and pointed to the crest of the hill—"that is just where the *château* stood."

She knew that he talked of the Prussians and the *château* because he did not wish to speak again of personal things. He seemed in spirit a thousand miles away from her. Why had this alienation come just when she wanted to know him? Awkward in all she tried to say, she was only the more troubled by his courtesy.

The Countess had sent the *coupé* for her; it waited at the bridge. When she was seated in it she held out her hand to Rutherford.

"I've had an awfully nice afternoon," she said.

His hat was lifted, and with his hand he brushed back the hair from his brow. There was something weary and at the same time impatient in his gesture. She started to speak, then she nodded good-by again, and as the horse sprang forward, she said:

"I did n't mean those things I said about Americans and Frenchmen. It was awfully silly of me. Please forget them."

When she had driven a little way she looked out through the tiny window at the back of the carriage. She could see Rutherford walking down the quay with a long, regular step, as though he were thinking deeply about something. Then the carriage crossed the bridge, turned up the *Cours la Reine*, and she lost sight of him.

The sun, now setting, showered gold from the skies, the waters of the river moved in its dazzling reflection, there was an odor of acacias, heavy and penetrating, which reached Olivia as they approached the Bois. The side streets through which they made their way were still deserted, the distant roar announced the homeward rush of the innumerable equipages which had made their tour of the Bois before depositing their fair occupants at home in time to dress for dinner.

Olivia felt herself momentarily apart from this band of pleasure-seekers. In the vacant avenues she realized a new loneliness which had not before touched her. She had been homesick for her father, for Detroit, now there was something else in her heart. . . .

XII.

TENAFLY had won the *Grand Prix*.

Six weeks in advance Harris had had his tables engaged for dinner at the *Ambassadeurs*, and supper at the *Café de Paris*, on "*Grand Prix*" night. Now as he paid one more enormous tip to the head waiter of the former establishment, one more enormous bill for a rare menu and wines still more rare, he had—he recognized it with a touch of shame—a slight feeling of relief—relief that the "*season*" was over; relief that he could get away from Paris, relief that he was to be for a moment withdrawn from the whirl which, however proud and

eager he was to be in it, used him up, bewildered him. He argued with himself, unwilling to let Van Motte know his state of mind:

"It's not that I don't care for my friends"—and the photographs which bedecked his salon and sitting-room testified to his sentimental attachments—"but I never see anything of them. Even when they are with me, I'm not exactly 'in it.'"

Again on this night of the great race, Harris felt a certain isolation among his guests. They had buzzed and hummed about him in congratulation, they had drunk to his health in his champagne—the best France could afford—and then, as usual, he had become a sort of spectator to others who, as it were, directed his party. He blamed himself for what he considered his fault. "Americans," he thought, "don't know how to amuse themselves. They either burn the candle at both ends or else they act as though the only functions they had ever attended were funerals."

For a time it had been enough for him to see the Princess enjoy herself with others. Now he had an obscure jealousy with regard to her. Van Motte was too attentive; it was quite unsuitable for a poor secretary to flutter about this lovely noblewoman as he did.

Moreover, Harris wished to be alone with her.

She had asked him once to take her for supper to the Café de Paris, and he had made bold, with an audacity that amazed him, to plan on this brilliant night of his victory at the race-course to sup alone with the titled lady. As his dinner party dispersed she gave him her hand.

"It's understood then," he said. "Eleven thirty at the Café?"

"How good you are," she smiled at him. "Always planning for our pleasures!"

And long before eleven thirty, Harris was installed in a chosen corner of the small triangular restaurant.

The head waiter hovered about him, helped him to compose the menu for his *invités*.

"Monsieur think one bottle of champagne enough?" The smile which showed his even, white teeth explained his allusion to the race.

"You thought I wanted to celebrate, I suppose?" Harris chuckled. He could not let go by this chance to acknowledge the triumph of which for many reasons he was proud.

"Oh, monsieur, what a horse!" The waiter shifted the napkin under his arm and crossed his hands, following his gesture with a eulogy of Tenaflly which Harris would have given anything to word as well as this man-servant.

"Make anything on the race?" asked the American, looking about the room and speaking from the corner of his mouth lest any one should

think he were not talking about food and in a natural way with a waiter.

"Oh, monsieur!"—he held up his five fingers. "We back Tenafly with our eyes shut. We back our *clients*, monsieur."

The servant left him. Harris looked at his watch. It was twenty to twelve. He wondered how much time he could allow the Princess without giving up hope.

Boldi, the Tzigane leader, perceiving his impatience, took advantage of it. Swinging his bow across the arch of his violin, he smiled, shook his head, lowered it so that his eyes appeared level with his flying fingers, and wrung forth, swaying and rhythmic, one of the negro melodies which Paris had adopted. Like a cardinal bird in a tropical forest, he flitted about as he played, bowing at last to make way for the Princess, who had arrived.

Harris's eyes opened wide as he saw her enter, not alone, but accompanied by Van Motte, Benoni, and the Prince Rovero. She had been driving in the Bois, she explained, throwing aside her wraps. She was very hungry, and she was sure, designating her companions, that "*ces Messieurs* must be too." To each of her remarks Harris made a mechanical response, beckoning the waiter, ordering the table enlarged, more champagne brought, more supper served . . . and when the little meal was spread for five, Harris had become again like the outsider among his own guests. The Princess, dressed in a gown of mousseline which shimmered and glowed in all the pink coral tints of the flamingo, smiled irresistibly at the American. She even made bold in a moment when the others were engaged in conversation to rest her hand insinuatingly upon Harris's arm, giving him to understand as much by her expression as by the few words she spoke, that it would have been compromising—but very compromising—for her to meet him and have supper with him alone at the Café de Paris.

There was less intensity in his remorse at this communication than there had been at his first awkwardnesses with the Princess. His feelings were somewhat like the preliminary shiver of the animal that has been rubbed the wrong way, the incipient reflex of the worm that begins to turn.

Yet his titled companion, in this gown that appeared like a flame whose ardor paled as it rose enveloping her, leaving uncovered her throat, upon whose snowy surface the shadows played under the broad, transparent brim of her feather-laden hat—the Princess seemed to him more adorable than ever. He looked at her and was able to say nothing, and with the fatal attraction of one who is made to suffer in an amorous attachment, he dreaded the moment of separation from his tortures, he wanted more than anything to know when he could be with her again.

XIII.

HARRIS's party had been several days settled in his villa near Stresa, on Lake Maggiore. As at Paris, it was the Baroness Benoni who had chosen the house for him and furnished it, getting everything in readiness for the host and his friends, who had driven four-in-hand over the Simplon.

Rutherford was the only delinquent. He had been on what Mr. Harris called "a goose chase" through Italy, with friends who found automobiling better sport than coaching. A trifle piqued at this defection on the part of the young American, Harris awaited eagerly his arrival, feeling that until he came there was something lacking to complete—to complete what? he asked himself,—the style or the romance of the party? There was a yearning for both in his heart which led him to confuse reality and his desires.

The ladies were assembled on the veranda, after *déjeuner*, in that somewhat exasperated mood that all women entertain when they have been long together. The Countess was taking a sun bath. Her head enveloped in a green veil, her back turned toward the lake, she sat in one corner of the porch, her attention wandering from the novel open before her to the conversation of the Princess, the Baroness Benoni, and Madame Le Fort.

The Baroness was saying:

"We shall get horribly tired of this place before the month is up."

"You think?" queried the Princess.

"I'm afraid we shall get no exercise whatever," put in Madame Le Fort. "People never walk in places where there's a lake. Have you noticed that?" she insisted with the Englishwoman's tenacity for making all agree with her about what she is alone to observe. The ladies had not remarked this peculiarity about lakeside resorts, and Madame Le Fort leaned forward and said again:

"But it is so, is n't it?"

"She's the sort of woman," the Countess was thinking to herself, "who drive men distracted." And as though she had heard nothing she called out, shutting her book listlessly:

"Does n't somebody want to go for a walk with me?"

Mrs. Le Fort thought this an extraordinary coincidence, and she set about at once finding parasols for herself and the Countess.

The Baroness had letters to write, but the Princess was not many moments left alone, for Harris, as though he had been watching this chance, joined her. She smiled up at him in an adorable confidence and lisped:

"How delicious is Maggiore, and zis villa especially!"

"Really?" he exclaimed. "You like it? I'd no idea you'd care

for this sort of life—so quiet—no gaiety—nothing of any sort much——”

“Ah!” she said, “a beautiful place, wiz friends . . . wiz—a friend,—zis is not nothing!”

“That’s very kind of you,” he said, beaming like a child.

He wore a blue serge suit which became him, and as he leaned against the porch railing, swaying back and forth with his hands in his coat-pockets, he looked almost boyish.

“Why not sit down?” she asked.

He pulled a chair up close to the *chaise longue* on which she was reclining, drew it away again a little, and then sat down on the edge of it.

“Did you mean that just now,” he said, “about . . . a friend?”

“Surelee,” she nodded sweetly.

“But you certainly did n’t mean *me*, did you?” He hardly lifted his eyes to hers.

“Of course.” Both her hands emphasized this protestation in a pretty gesture.

Harris looked down again.

“It seems more than four months since we met,” he murmured.

“Yes, it seems we know each osser when we meet!”

“Do you remember that day?” He looked up at her and stopped.

“I remember so many! Which one?”

“That rainy day when we did n’t go to Cap Martin, don’t you know, and I came over to see you in the morning?”

“Oh, yes!”

“And do you remember what you said?”

The lady had slipped half way from the *chaise longue* and was no longer reclining, but seated upright, one hand on either end of her parasol.

Harris hung on her words. She stared innocently at him, smiling. It seemed to him all would depend on what she answered.

“Well?” she asked. “What did I say? I say so many zings.”

His voice fell and there was a disheartened accent in his words as he said slowly:

“You don’t remember . . . ?”

“Well?” she purred again.

“Oh, it was nothing,” he blustered—“just some remarks you made about the nobility, and money, and Americans being lucky not to be hampered by questions of birth, and your feelings that there were days when you longed . . .”

“What did I long?” The smile did not change from her lips.

“Why, longed to be *free*!” When the last word came finally out it was almost with contempt, so contradictory were the sentiments of

this man who half despised what he enjoyed without approval. Instantly the Princess's manner altered. She sprang up and exclaimed in a way that made Harris believe for a moment he had caused her some physical pain:

"Oh! Oh!"

Then as though mastering herself, she added, with a certain grace:

"Do we not all long to be *free*?"

"Oh, yes, of course; I don't mean anything personal," Harris murmured. "I suppose I was only alluding to the American idol."

"You mean," the Princess responded, "zat money is ze only zing zat can make one free?"

"Well, perhaps not just that . . . but if a woman accepts, for instance, the name of an honorable man who has money"—Harris thrust his hand into his coat, as though to give himself courage for the declaration he felt imminent—"if she accepts his name, you understand, there's a kind of freedom goes with it. I mean, it would make everything easier for the woman."

The Princess, too, felt a declaration imminent. She had never been so irresistible; she smiled, and balanced the parasol back and forth, gazing up at Harris with a babyish expression as though she understood nothing, and meanwhile her mind worked like lightning. If Harris asked her to marry him, she was lost—she could no longer use him—she must refuse his offer of real protection. He could not admit her encouraging him thus far only to meet his final advances with a rebuff. So, with an attractive little laugh which once more gave him the impression that he was an imbecile, she rose, and lazily drifted towards the door which opened onto the porch.

"We women," she twittered, holding the long French window open, "love ze mystery; we don't like sings too easy. We fear insincerity. But—you excuse. I have no time for ze discussion of such sentimental matters—I have promise myself to write to-day some dreadfool business letters. It is ze time soon for ze mail . . . You excuse?"

And Harris was left more bewildered at this very moment when with his declaration on his lips he had supposed the crisis to be imminent, the dénouement of his life about to be attained; he found himself—as he seemed, indeed, always to be finding himself—deserted by those upon whom he had fancied he could count the most. . . .

Harris's meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Rutherford, who almost threw himself into the older man's arms, with that exuberance which the young show to all when stimulated by the immediate prospects of seeing and being near the loved one. He had had an astonishing trip. There was no country like Italy, but Maggiore, and especially this villa, was more attractive than anything he had seen. He noticed nothing of the dazed manner of his companion, and Harris,

half mistrusting that his guest would fathom at once the cause of his absent-mindedness, applied himself to the material attentions which he loved as host to shower upon his friends.

"It's quieter here than in Paris," he exclaimed, smiling and offering his companion cigars and cigarettes when the coffee was served. Instinctively, with all his reserve, Harris hoped that the conversation would come around to sentimental matters, for he had confidence in Rutherford's youth and his worldly experience, as he had confidence in the Baroness Benoni's taste for house-furnishing. Rutherford represented to him his own untried chances, and, indeed, there was a certain generous determination on Harris's part, that whatever his own unfortunate destiny might be, the young American must be happy in his love affairs.

"So you're glad to be here, are you?" he asked, smiling and slipping the cigar from his lips with his thumb and middle finger, which continued to roll the weed back and forth while he contemplated its glowing end.

"Glad? I should say so! I've been horribly bored, to tell you the truth, with those friends of mine."

Harris looked gratified.

"I have n't been able to do a stroke of work."

"Work!" Harris exclaimed. "Did you expect to work?"

"I never needed to more in my life." Harris had the American distaste for dwelling upon any situation from which he saw no immediate issue—but he reflected on this last remark of Rutherford's.

And aloud he said with something like tenderness in his lowered tone:

"I'll bet anything you're in love."

Rutherford, as he looked up at this statement, found the older man's eyes resting upon him with a smile that courted approbation at the same time that it seemed to say: "I've found you out. I knew it all the time."

"Well, yes," Rutherford answered. "Since you've guessed it. I am in love, of course. I love Miss Endicott."

"I knew it. I've known it ever since that first time we talked together at Monte Carlo."

"Is n't it miserable of me! I ought n't to be here. I should go off as far as possible and try to forget her. I've no business hanging round in this way." He got up and set to pacing the room, throwing his hand out in an angry, half-desperate way. "I'm a good-for-nothing pauper. I can't even work. I'm haunted by her image. I see it when I'm awake, I see it when I'm asleep. It seems to plead with me, to reproach me."

He flung himself again into the chair where he had been sitting

and held both hands to his head, resting his elbows on his knees. Harris, thinking of his own case, and finding the reflection apt, said with the accent that experience alone gives:

"Money is n't everything by a long shot. If Miss Endicott was poor and you a millionaire, there's no certainty she'd have you if she did n't love you."

"Oh, *love* me," Rutherford repeated, catching only at the last word of Harris's phrase. "I have no right to make love to her. Don't you understand it would be dishonorable for me to try to win her love. That's why I've got no business here."

He held out his hand to the older man and said:

"Help me to get away, to be a man, will you?"

"I'll help you," Harris assured him, wringing his hand, and then, this resolution taken, Rutherford began irresistibly to talk again of his love for the girl. As Harris listened, the bright reflection which the light from without cast on the surface of his blue eyes grew clearer and more brilliant, before becoming blurred . . . "It is too ridiculous," he thought to himself, "to be so weak that you can't manage your own love affairs and have to weep over other people's." Rutherford wandered on from the expression of his love for Olivia which had so touched Harris, to a reiteration of his intention to work.

"Other men have made a way in the world," his companion assured him. "My personal opinion is that it's harder to win a woman's heart than to earn a fortune!"

"But it takes so horribly long to get even a second-rate position, and I can't speak until I have something sure; that is the awful part of it. She does n't know I care for her. She has every reason to believe the contrary. I've almost tried to make her, in fact. I thought I ought to—I don't mean that I think she cares"—he threw out his hand as though Olivia's feelings for him could be best described by the snap of his fingers—"but if she *did* care, *could* care, could be made to care . . ." He set to pacing the room again, then he stopped short in front of Harris, and with a pathetic, determined resignation in his voice he concluded:

"Why, I should be a doddering old man before she could ever know that *I* cared! Don't you see what a horrible position it is?"

"It's not exactly a gilt-edged security," the American responded, pushing things around on his desk, making squares and triangles with the paper cutter and ink-bottles, as he was wont to do when some plan which had not taken shape was formulating in his mind. "It might be worse," he added, and Rutherford, who had gone to the window and was looking out toward the lake and its beautiful sloping shores and shadowy, far-away mountains, responded a word about the wonderful outlook.

"There's something to be thankful for yet," Harris said in his optimistic tone. He had left the table and joined Rutherford, pleased that he had, withal, indirectly alluded to the beauty of the view. He stood by him for a time, watching the scene that lay before them and impressed them both.

"It's not appalling, like the Swiss scenery," Rutherford was saying. "There's something more intimate about it, and yet it's absolutely silent here. You can't hear a sound except the water's lapping. What a place! Imagine it in the moonlight . . . and with the woman you loved . . ."

His host listened, smiling contentedly at hearing his own enthusiasm put for him into words. He slipped his arm through Rutherford's, saying, "There's no use in getting too blue! Things may come out all right yet."

XIV.

It was several days after Rutherford's arrival that Olivia set out one afternoon alone for the lake, determined to go fishing. To Mr. Harris she explained that she had fished at home, that Maggiore reminded her of home, and that she adored fishing. Inwardly she recognized that her only reason for not doing what the others did was that she might be alone with the chance of seeing Rutherford. He had not come with them on Harris's coaching party over the Simplon. This had piqued her, and the expedition in consequence had seemed stupid and interminable. She had flirted more openly with Le Fort in Rutherford's presence because his indifference exasperated her. And the result had been exactly contrary to her expectations. She had supposed that he would be more, and not less, attentive to her, provoked by this attachment which she knew he disapproved—his very disapproval indeed gave an added piquancy to her adventure with the foreigner. This she realized only when she found herself for a fortnight's excursion in the open air, with no other spectator to Le Fort's attention than his wife, his jealous, his stupid, pitiful, jealous wife. It was the feeling of disgust gradually gaining upon her which made Olivia turn impulsively toward the thought of Rutherford.

She had donned a garden hat for this improvised expedition; its irregular brim was weighted with a wreath of roses, two velvet ribbons floated from under the crown. She caught one of them in her hand. In the other she held a pole, a tiny basket, and a book.

"Are you . . ." she hesitated, and Harris looked tenderly at this graceful form whose youth seemed to give life even to the inanimate clothes that partook of the wearer's ineffable charm. She began again, getting this time further with the question that she wanted to put: "Are you *all* going over to see the ruins?"

"No." Harris waited a moment. "The Princess is going, and the

Countess, and Van Motte said he'd serve as guide. He knows the place, I believe. But the Le Forts will be here, and Mr. Rutherford," he added, "in case you catch so many fish you don't know what to do."

Olivia wandered down through the gardens to the water's edge. Here she threw the bait into the water with the basket that contained it, she slipped the pole into the long grass, and then she settled herself into a spot where she could be seen from the boat-house, and with a pretense at reading she laid a book open on her knees.

"Now," she thought, "if he does n't come, it is because he hates me . . . He saw me start, he knows exactly where I am. If he does n't follow, it's because he does n't want to be with me. There's no reason why he *should* want to be with me, only . . ." A crackling in the bushes near by changed her meditation. She waited. Then she turned her head . . . It was only a sound of the wind in the trees . . . She made herself more comfortable, and, leaning against a tree by which she had chosen to seat herself, she half closed her eyes as though the lids were freighted with the golden light from the blue heavens above. The sound of the water lapping against the little sloping dock of the boat-house reached her; the line of the mountains against the sky, the wood-covered hillsides, the moving shadows—it seemed to her that she was at home, on the northern lakes—but between the high arched horizon and the melodious waters there were the little pink villages, foreign, mysterious, lodged here and there among the trees like sunset clouds that had caught at the twilight hour, among the green foliage, lingering there, clinging there. There was something in this mingled landscape that made Olivia homesick.

"It's the villages," she thought; "it's as though strange people had come and settled on my own lakeside."

She turned her back toward them, settling on the other side of the tree with a vision only of sweeping lawn and rose-hedges over which the roof of Harris's villa appeared. But in the nearer foreground stood Rutherford, his hat lifted.

"How you frightened me!" she cried.

"Did n't you see me?"

"No."

"I've been there by the hedge for an age, looking at you."

"How horrible! How could you know where I was?"

"I watched you start from the house. Have you caught many fish?"

He lifted her fishing-pole from the long grass where it lay. Olivia shook her head as he held it out to her.

"I did n't want to fish. I only came down here because I was bored. I wanted to be alone."

"Does that mean I can't stay?"

"No," she pouted; "I don't mind you. I didn't want to go and visit ruins, and I didn't feel like seeing a lot of people." Then, smiling at Rutherford with a certain humility so unlike her ordinary manner, she said:

"You're not like the others. You're different."

Rutherford had arrived with a certain provision of courage, expecting the lady to be as usual, somewhat severe, and prepared to retaliate with a certain flippancy, if not pride. This sudden unbending on her part disconcerted him. There was something so adorable in the expression of her eyes as he caught sight of them under the rose-laden brim of her garden hat . . . He sat awkwardly down by her side and asked her, as a tired bank-clerk might ask a Saturday to Monday girl, if she were enjoying her stay at Maggiore. She responded with an insinuating accent that some parts of it had been delightful, and Rutherford then proffered this information about himself:

"My visit's about over. I'm going back in a few days to Paris."

Olivia did not answer this remark. Why should she? What difference could it make to her whether he went back or not? But presently, when they had talked for a time in a banal manner about other things, Olivia said:

"Why do you return to Paris in September? It's just the loveliest time here."

"I have to begin work again."

"Nobody works in September," she stated. "That can't be your only reason. Is it?"

"One reason's enough, they say. Nobody ever has two reasons for doing a thing." He looked at her, she was so young, so lovely. He longed to tell her that he adored her. Her very seriousness in questioning him about himself added a new charm to what already pleased him absolutely.

She wanted him to be frank. She felt his reticence, and little knew from what cause it proceeded.

"Well, then," she said, turning about so that she could look directly at him, "what is the *real* reason for going away?"

"The real reason is . . ." He began slowly, not knowing whether to tell her. After all, it was no dishonor to be loved—but he finished his phrase by a generalization: "The real reason is always the same, no matter how doddering or how miserable you may be . . ."

"I know!" she interrupted him. "I knew all the time. That's why you didn't come on the coach with us over the Simplon;" her tone was becoming indignant. "The real reason's a *woman*!"

Rutherford drank in this denunciation like nectar. He would not for anything have contradicted her. Her eyes were brilliant, they flashed at him an unspoken reproach.

"Yes," he said; "that's the reason—a woman, of course. That was why I didn't drive over the Simplon . . . on account of a woman!"

"I knew it!" she cried. "I knew it all the time;" and she turned away from him and leaned hard against the tree, grinding her shoulders into the rough bark.

"I don't see why you came here at all!"

"Are you so sorry as that?"

"No," she hesitated; "I'm not speaking for myself. I was only thinking about you;" and archly she added: "Don't you see, you're wasting your time?"

Rutherford raised his eyes quickly at these words. Were they addressed to him as a warning?

He sought from her expression to determine; but her mouth and brow portrayed the same indefinable mixture of flippancy and pique as when she had first spoken.

His suffering was augmented. Oh, to tell her everything! It was for this he yearned. The pride which had steeled him in the early days of his love, he could no longer summon to his aid. Harris's contempt for money was affecting him subtly . . . but, even with money out of the question, Olivia would never care for him!

"Well?" she queried, as though she had expected an answer to her last question.

"Well?" Rutherford responded. "Nothing."

"Nothing?" she asked. "You don't seem a bit interested. I have a confession at the tip of my tongue."

"Yes?"

"Yes, about the Simplon."

"Oh!" There was a shade of disappointment, discreet, unobtrusive, in Rutherford's "Oh!"

But Olivia mistook it for indifference. In her hastened breathing there was something of wounded pride that this man should show so little interest in her, and something that was only the emotion of being with him and of longing to have him understand her . . . love her. Yet she was unable to say what was on her mind. She only shook her head.

"I wanted you to know," she said in a low tone, and leaning toward Ralph so that he could breathe the sweet freshness that exhaled from her young throat, "after that silly conversation at St. Cloud, I wanted to say that I hate Frenchmen now."

Rutherford realized that this meant for him a victory. She was wiping away for him, with a sweep of that perfect little hand which lay so near his now, all rivals, the rivals that might have caused him uneasiness. Yet he dared not speak; something of the old Puritan

restraint, the long-time cultivated respect of honesty and money, tied his tongue. Olivia's millions stood, rose like a vast, a powerful wall between them, strong enough to keep him back, and far too formidable for her to scale. Indeed, she could not catch even a glimpse from above of Rutherford's adoring attitude. She mistook, as though imperfectly she perceived, his reserve for indifference. She suffered, and he suffered: he because of yearning to fold her in his arms and to tell her that he was strong and brave enough to face and fight the world and stern necessity for her; and she because she longed to come close against him where she might feel at last the enveloping shelter of love's haven, where words are superfluous to the pure understanding that comes with mutual trust and adoration.

Something of the bond that fluttered and wavered between the two without finding its definite base was expressed by the silence which indeed spoke for the two lovers, spoke coaxingly, allured and led on their thoughts, averted for them all obstacles, bringing them fast to that moment whose supremest eloquence is abandon in a first embrace . . .

But just here the sound of voices reached them; moving figures were distinguishable through the branches that swayed in the sun.

Rutherford sprang up . . . He called himself back in reality.

"They've come back from their sight-seeing," he said. "We've been fishing, have n't we? Have we caught anything?"

The voices came nearer. Olivia could distinguish that they were looking for her. With a desperate little gesture she cried:

"I did n't come here to fish! I came because I wanted to be alone, because I hoped that you would come and find me!"

She had risen and was looking about in the grass for her handkerchief and gloves, so that the man could not see her face; and, having gathered up all her possessions, she turned again to him:

"I wanted to be with you. It was awfully silly of me"—she lifted her eyes to him—"because I've only bored you!"

And then, with an expression that Rutherford could not forget, she left him, half running, to regain more rapidly the Countess and Harris, who were drifting slowly towards the water's edge, with the idle contentment of those who have returned home after a long afternoon of sight-seeing.

XV.

Lost between a dream and hazy reality seen through the drifting smoke that curled upward from his cigar, Harris was half dozing in his study when the door opened with a rush, closed again, and Olivia's slender silhouette appeared against the wooden panels. One hand was behind her back as she held the door-knob, hesitating:

"May I stay a moment?"

Harris sprang up, threw away his cigar, dusted the ashes from his coat, and shook himself as though he could not quite believe his eyes.

"I did n't mean to disturb you," she began.

"I am delighted, Miss Olivia;" he was dragging a big chair for her toward the open window.

"Mr. Harris——" Her tone commanded attention. He dropped the chair, and she took her place in it, sitting quite on the edge, framed by the green leather arms between which her slender figure appeared fragile, elusive, in its gown of muslin.

Harris, too, seated himself and crossed his hands as he did when prepared to hear some story which was to lay claim upon the inward supply of human sympathy which he had long ago hoped to exhaust,—believing it to be, in a business man especially, a weakness.

He fitted his fingers together and, bowing slightly over them, he looked up and asked:

"What is it, Miss Endicott?"

"I'm dreadfully unhappy!" she exclaimed.

"Unhappy?"

"Yes—and I've got no one to speak to. The Countess would say it was my fault, and the only person I could tell anything to does n't care for me."

"Ah!" There were several different inflections in Harris's "Ah!" and Olivia might answer any she liked. She chose to defend herself.

"It is n't my fault. I can't help it. I've done everything I can. Perhaps in the beginning I might have acted differently, but I did n't understand; I thought all men were alike . . ."

"I'm sure it was n't your fault." Harris could say this heartily while waiting for enlightenment.

"Yes, but you don't know," she hurried on. "It's about Mr. Le Fort I'm talking. You see, he's been making love to me—dreadful love!" she added.

"He has!"

"At Monte Carlo"—Olivia seemed determined to tell everything—"it sort of amused me. I thought it was just like an American—it did n't mean anything."

"Scoundrel!"

"But here, and on the Simplon—oh, I don't know what he wants!" she cried. "I think he wants to divorce Mrs. Le Fort. It's horrible—horrible!" Her hands fluttered in emphatic little gestures of distress. "And I know Mrs. Le Fort is miserable, and I don't care a bit about him. Oh!" Shaking her head, she looked at Harris. "I don't see how I can possibly stay here any longer."

"Why! Why!" Harris thrust his hands deep down in his coat-pockets.

"You know how fond I am of you, Mr. Harris," she explained, troubled at the thought that he might think he was responsible for her perplexity. "I love to be here. But it's so humiliating, and that is n't all—I've only told you half."

"I'll ask Mr. Le Fort to leave." His cheerful accents suggested that this was his sure solution.

"No, no!" Olivia reiterated. "That's not the real reason."

"It's reason enough. Any dastard in his position, to make love to a young girl, when his wife's under the same roof . . . !" Harris clenched his fist. "Why, he ought to be throttled!"

"Yes, but even if he were throttled"—a shade of a smile lit up Olivia's eyes—"it would n't do me any good—I'd be just as unhappy as I was before."

"Well . . ." Her host was mystified.

"You promise you won't tell? I have to speak to somebody . . . It's on account of Ralph Rutherford that I'm unhappy." The color mounted slowly and dyed her cheeks. When they were flaming she said deliberately: "I'm in love with Mr. Rutherford. He does n't care anything about me, and I can't possibly stay and see him any more. It makes me too miserable." Her face she again buried in her arm, and this time Harris had no doubts. She was weeping. Yet, hidden from her, he let a smile traverse his features, a smile of victory and satisfaction. These tears of Olivia's were of the sweeter sort—like the fresh drops of a spring shower they fell on the sun's way to make a rainbow of promises. They seemed of no consequence to Harris. Already his mind was at work on the reconciliation of these two unfortunate lovers. Even his outraged sentiments for Le Fort took a sickly hue as compared to the warm glow of this prospective happiness.

Olivia, averting her face, and occasionally brushing her handkerchief across her eyes, asked in an appealing note:

"You won't say anything to anybody, will you?"

Taking the hand she impulsively outstretched to him, Mr. Harris smiled.

"You can count on me."

"And you'll understand, won't you, why I don't stay any longer? I can't explain to the Countess exactly, but Le Fort is reason enough for leaving, is n't he? And then," she added, some of her merriment regaining possession of her and giving a melancholy charm to the sad visage, "if only the man I loved and the one who loved me were the same; but they're not, and that's almost too much for any one, is n't it?"

Her host, reverting mentally to his own case, was tempted to generalize on the anguish of sentimental complications, but he looked

again at the face lifted toward his, so fresh, so exquisite, breathing out in its lineless fairness the imperative claim of youth to be happy. It was no time to think of himself.

"Of course I'll speak to nobody;" and here he shook the hand she had left in his. "But you're meant to be happy. And you shall be!" Then as though unwilling to dwell upon this thought, when Olivia had left him, he added once alone:

"Confound Le Fort! I wish that fellow were out of the house!"

XVI.

It was Sunday. The Countess, looking through the Baedeker, had found that at Sutra there was a Protestant Church, and thither on the warm September morning she proposed to accompany her charge. As the sail was an agreeable one, her suggestion met with approval from most of the party, who volunteered to go with her on this expedition. Alone in the large, cool house there remained the Princess, Van Motte, and Harris, the latter closeted with a voluminous mail just received from America.

"I shan't need you," he said to his secretary, who appeared at the door when the party were under way.

Recently indeed he had had little need of this employee. As it happens, when jealousy is at work, or when ingratitude presents itself, a certain feeling of repulsion had replaced the master's former friendly sentiments for his Belgian. Van Motte, confident of being indispensable to Harris, heeded little this indifference, doubting not that the time would shortly come when his employer would again call upon him as of old.

Seeing Van Motte come out of the study empty-handed, the Princess, from a corner of the salon where she had installed herself, called to him:

"Rudolph!"

Perceiving her, he joined her, kissing her hand as he took his place in a comfortable armchair.

"Did he not go to church?" she queried.

Her companion with a tone that denoted irritation exclaimed:

"Did *he* go? He? There is only one he. What he does is all that interests you . . ."

A soft, guttural sound was the only answer, somewhat like the indulgent call of a bird to the reluctant member of its flock.

"Rudolph"—the woman spoke in French—"it is not fair for you to reproach me. What have I done?"

He was sullen.

"What you have done is not to keep to the arrangement that

existed between us. You have gone wide of the mark, in spirit and in letter."

She coaxed him:

"Rudolph! We have this little moment together . . ." Her gentleness as she spoke augmented the man's irritation.

"You have been disloyal, you've played your game with utter disregard of honor—of me."

There was that in his angry accents which warned her no conciliation was for the moment possible. And having once understood that the interview was to be serious, she moved forward on her chair and scrutinized her companion, speaking excitedly and in great haste:

"You reproach me now, you, you! What have I not done for you? When I first heard of this Mr. Harris, when I first saw him at Monte Carlo, you were more absorbed in me than you were in mere . . . money-making—speculations, call it."

"Yes, that's a good name for it," he muttered.

"You were ready, as you expressed it"—she emphasized her words with impulsive gestures—"to make all you could out of Harris, but I was your first thought, your first interest. The rest was only a means so that we might be more together, have more liberty, more happiness. Then when we came to Paris,—gradually, what happened?"

He looked at her with a certain scornful curiosity.

"Well, what did happen?"

"You were always with the racing men, the *sports*, with 'Tenafl'y.' I saw nothing of you; Harris could not lay hands on you. I was neglected, he was there. Was it not natural that we should be together? And now you wish to reproach me with this!"

"It's not for your being together I reproach you. It is your intentions, your disloyalty."

"You speak of an agreement," she cried, "but what woman ever made an agreement that no man should ever fall in love with her? Could I help it if Mr. Harris cared for me? Is it so very unnatural?"

In a pretty movement of appeal, she held out her hands. Van Motte caught one of them and kissed it, while the expression of the Princess softened at this momentary truce.

"You should not be angry with me," she said, "if I was piqued at your neglect in Paris." With a conciliatory stroke, she let her fingers caress Van Motte's hair and neck. "Mr. Harris," she went on, smiling, and breaking her sentences with a gentle sweep of her hand across Van Motte's brow and eyes—"Mr. Harris was not the sort of man with whom one could *flirt*. This was in a way your protection. Don't you suppose that he would have been horrified, but really

horrified," she laughed, "if he had supposed that I wanted to flirt with him?"

"Perhaps not as horrified as you think."

The Princess drew her hand away, and the Belgian reiterated.

"You don't know in what light you have appeared to Harris. That is not the question. It is your attitude that exasperates me, that outrages me." He grew more violent, rising and walking about. "I won't have it. You understand? I will not have it."

"Have what?" Perfectly calm, she settled back in the sofa, her arms crossed before her.

"Have that—whatever your feelings toward him—Harris should have arrived at the point of being jealous, and jealous of me! This is clear enough indication as to the power you have exerted, or tried to exert." At the very sound of his own words, Van Motte's anger seemed to accrue. "I won't have it!" he cried. "You are making me ridiculous! And back of all this cajoling, what is there? Nothing but lies! Yes, lies. What do you fancy Harris would think if he knew the truth? Harris the innocent, the honest, the American? His very hair would stand on end if he suspected that . . ."

Still perfectly calm, the Princess stated slowly:

"He would n't suspect. That, at least, is the benefit of his ignorance."

"Suspect? I imagine he would suspect if I *told* him."

"No," she said; "not even if you told him, he would believe nothing against me."

Van Motte drew back, looking with scorn at her. Her emotion marked only by a slight quickening of her breathing as she said:

"You don't believe things against a woman you are ready to marry to-morrow if she would have you!"

"*Marry* you?" Van Motte laughed. "Why, but there are proofs! You don't suppose that if I told him the absolute, undeniable truth, he would still prefer his blindness?"

"When blindness means love . . . it is hard to open its eyes. Mr. Harris more than loves me: he wants me to be happy. He is ready to do anything I ask. He has told me in a hundred ways I need but give the sign and he will make me his wife . . ."

"Traacherous to the end!" Van Motte cried. "And you let him believe there is some chance perhaps of this comedy, this perfidy?"

"I don't know." The Princess shrugged her shoulders. "It might not be so bad. If you continue in this attitude toward me, who knows? Perhaps I could accept the American . . ."

"That we shall see." Van Motte's tone had an ugly ring. "We are two to play this game!" And in an instant, as though some

fiendish motive of vengeance and exasperation impelled him, he left the salon, crossed the hall, and, rapping at the study door, he called:

"Mr. Harris!"

The Princess had risen. Distractedly she looked about her as though for some means of escape from the impending scene. The door had opened, and, bewildered, Harris, who answered, was drawn by Van Motte into the room, where at first he did not perceive the Princess. At his gaze of inquiry, Van Motte pointed to the woman.

"Before things go any further in this farce," he cried, "there is something you must know; and as there is no one else here who can or who will enlighten you, I've assumed the pleasant undertaking." His lip curled scornfully.

As though instinctively to protect the woman, Harris put himself between the Princess and Van Motte. But the Belgian, moving behind him, pointed at his companion.

"Listen to me," he cried. "You have received a stranger here under false pretenses. You have been betrayed in a manner almost ridiculous. There is no telling to what length this comedy might have been carried if I had not been here, fortunately, and able to inform you of what was going on . . ."

"Oh, coward, coward!" the Princess reiterated under her breath. Harris's voice thundered indignantly:

"Explain yourself!"

Van Motte's tone at this sudden command changed, and he said very deliberately:

"This woman"—Harris was still standing between the two, one hand extended toward the Princess—"this woman"—Van Motte pointed to her—"has endeavored to entangle you in some matrimonial combination."

Almost lifeless, the Princess fell back upon the sofa.

"She has just told me herself that you have made clear to her your desire to make her your wife, and her intention of perhaps accepting you. It seems only fair," Van Motte pursued, heedless, "you should know that she has a husband, a living husband, that she is not divorced and not a widow, that she has simply left her husband because he is ruined; abandoned him in some hole of a place in Poland while she waits for him to die. But he is n't dead yet. Let her deny it if she can!" He nodded his head like a madman over these last words.

The American, whose attitude had been defiant, was shaken as though an electric shock had swept over him. Very slowly he turned his eyes toward the Princess.

"Can you," he asked—"can you deny this?"

She made no answer, and again he was shaken by a shock that appeared to contract his features. He reiterated his questions. The

Princess's head, bowed upon her breast, moved, spoke the "No" she dared not utter.

Harris lifted one hand heavily and pointed from Van Motte to the door. The hard, metallic ring of his voice was the only indication of the inward upheaval which left him in appearance calm.

"Not later than to-night," he said, "you shall have left here. You may call upon the servants to help you. As for me, don't show yourself again in my presence, and as to the woman," he said, not addressing her directly, "her cleverness will aid her in finding some . . . new . . . lie out of this. It is unnecessary that . . . my friends here should . . . know her . . . story."

And, walking slowly and with difficulty, he left the room.

XVII.

VAN MOTTE's sudden disappearance that night was explained under the head of "business." He had gone presumably to Paris for his employer. The Princess, having announced her departure for the day following, had also taken her leave of the Maggiore house-party.

Harris, closeted in his room, the door closed and bolted so that nobody could reach him, proceeded deliberately to tear up the two photographs which, since Monte Carlo, had been on his mantelpiece wherever he happened to find himself.

"There!" he exclaimed, throwing the fragments onto the hearth, and setting a match to them. While the flames purred and fluttered about the darkening image of the Princess, he threw several letters on the pyre and a few flowers, dried and faded, which he produced from a table drawer.

"What a woman!" he murmured. As he leaned his head against the old-fashioned chimney-piece, he turned over the little heap of ashes with his foot.

"I was too old!" he repeated. "I should have known better. Any man in my place would have been sorry for her, fascinated by her . . ."

His thoughts reverted to their first encounter on the Casino terrace, and a recollection of his worldly ambitions came to his mind. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he laughed to himself, and then out loud.

"What a fool I was!"

The smile on his lips changed to an expression of humiliation.

"She meant no harm. The fault was all mine. She could hardly have resisted such an easy prey."

Under the tip of his polished boot he crushed the blackened paper which had unfurled in the flames and lay scattered on the red-tiled fireplace. Pursuing the dark forms that sped like shadows at the

approach of his foot, he brought them one after the other under its weight.

"There!" he cried. "So much for that experience!"

Instinctively, with that optimism which characterized him, at this moment his thoughts reverted to Rutherford.

"I guess I know what his feelings are pretty well. Rutherford's as much of a greenhorn as I am," he reflected. "He needs *enlightenment*. If I don't tell him Miss Endicott loves him, nobody will, and he's got to know it before he leaves here."

With the prompt decision that characterized him, he seated himself at his desk and pulled brusquely a sheet of paper from a *classeur*.

"My dear Rutherford . . ."

He began to write . . . Then he hesitated.

"There's no use in being complicated . . ."

"*She loves you*," he continued. "*She told me so. If you don't ask her to marry you, you are a fool.*"

"I guess that's plain," he chuckled, and ringing for the man-servant, he ordered his message carried at once to Rutherford, wherever he might be.

Yet in spite of his first peremptory dismissal of the thoughts that he defied, the old feelings stirred in him again. He fancied he heard the voice of the Princess in the hall . . . She seemed to be standing before him as he had seen her at the Café de Paris, in her flame-colored gown. Again it was by his side on the coach that he perceived, under her parasol and nodding plumes, the dark, appealing eyes, the smile which for so many months had been his recompense for all the trifling efforts that made up his existence.

He rang again, and to the man-servant who answered his summons he stated peremptorily:

"I shall not be here for luncheon. Say to the Countess MacBride that I have been called over to Bellagio on business."

It was late in the afternoon when Harris again unbolted his door. After the long hours of seclusion in his room he came forth into the light of the upper corridor as one half-dazed. Feeling his way along toward the stairs, he heard from below the voices of his guests.

"They're in the parlor, I guess," he concluded, deciding mentally that he could pass through the hall unnoticed, to his study. But suddenly what he heard arrested his attention. He stopped on the stairs and listened. It was the Baroness Benoni who spoke.

"He's always been ridiculous," she said. "This is only one more adventure to add to the list."

"But I *don't* see"—the voice was Madame Le Fort's—"how poor

Mr. Harris could ever have been taken in by such a person as the Princess."

Her husband responded to this:

"The funny part of it was his cringing admiration for her nobility. The way she had of saying to him: '*Noblesse oblige*' . . ."

"Did n't he *know* she was n't a Princess?"

Harris climbed down another step and hung forward over the banisters.

"What does he know, poor thing?" the Baron Benoni queried. "He has n't even a notion of the value of money, and he's supposed to be a business man. Why, what do you suppose it cost him to furnish his Paris house?"

"Oh, don't tell that," his wife's voice protested.

"Why not? He gave us a hundred thousand francs, and the only pity was we did n't ask for more, for we'd have had it."

"And the Princess would have had him if her friend had n't interfered . . ."

Le Fort's melodious laugh added insolence to the remark.

"Do you *really* suppose he is such a simpleton as he seems?"

"My maid"—it was the Benoni who responded—"says he is swindled out of his eye-teeth by the servants here."

"He's such a dear, vulgar old thing, he fancies nothing can be good unless he pays an enormous price for it."

"Van Motte must have made a pretty penny out of him," Benoni added, calculating what the Baron X.'s stables had cost the American.

"But it is so comfortable here, we *are* so nicely seen to, it *would* be a pity for him to suspect how we feel about him." Mrs. Le Fort's peevish notes brought Harris down to the foot of the stairs with a bound. There he paused to hear Le Fort rejoin:

"He won't suspect us when he does n't suspect himself. If he had any idea of what real society was . . ."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the brusque entry of the gentleman in question, somewhat to the consternation of his "friends."

"Come!" he cried, looking from one to another of the assembled group. "Enough! I have heard every word you have spoken for the last ten minutes."

The ladies moved restlessly. Le Fort had not courage to lift his eyes.

"You say," Harris turned upon him, "that Harris, the ridiculous, the ignorant, the vulgar Harris, does n't know what real society is . . . Perhaps not. But he knows what a cad is. Come!" he cried. "Out with you, every one of you! You, and you, and you"—he pointed to them successively. "You may be 'nicely seen to' and 'comfortable' in the America's villa, but his hospitality is no longer yours to com-

mand." As he spoke, he rang the bells on either side of the chimney. He gave orders calmly:

"Have everything made ready for the evening train. Mr. and Mrs. Le Fort and the Baron and Baroness Benoni are unexpectedly called back to Paris."

Le Fort started forward, there was a murmur of protest from one of the ladies and a sound of tears in Mrs. Le Fort's direction. Le Fort said without lifting his eyes:

"You have taken us somewhat by surprise. We are hardly prepared for this."

"How much do you want?" Harris had pulled his check-book from his pocket and was fitting the tip of his stylographic pen. "Harris has n't a notion of the value of money, but what do you suppose it'll cost him to 'make it possible' for you to get away from here? Now, *to-night!*" The violent tone of his voice as he uttered these last two words sent Le Fort to his feet.

"One is hardly prepared to be sent from the house where one is visiting."

"No," Harris rejoined scornfully. "I suppose you are n't vulgar enough to have any ready money about you for emergencies!"

Signing the check which lay under his pen, he flung the bit of paper toward Le Fort.

"Fill in the blank!" he cried. "It'll make another good story to add to the collection. What it cost Harris to 'empty' his villa!"

Le Fort picked up the check.

With a final glance at him, Harris said:

"Remember that unless he pays a big price for it, Harris does n't think a thing can be good. Make your departure as good as gold . . . Here, you poison the very air, you . . ."

Whatever torrent of abuse had welled up within his heart, he checked it, and, keeping his bewildered and sarcastic dignity to the end, he regained his room and flung himself into a chair by the window, his head bowed on his arm.

An hour later Harris still had not moved. His body it seemed to him was made of lead, his brain remained dazed, and from time to time only he repeated to himself, shaking his head:

"Rotten! Rotten! Second quality—all of them. What a collection! What a failure!"

He rose at length and slowly opened the window onto the garden, as though to let in fresh air upon his empoisoned thoughts. In the maelstrom of memories he clutched with hope at one idea only: perhaps, in spite of all his own suffering and disappointment and disgust, he might see Olivia and Rutherford happy.

Up by the rose-hedges toward the white road where presently his

guests were to wend their northward way, he caught sight of a pink muslin gown trailing its pretty lengths over the green lawn.

"It's Miss Olivia," he murmured, and he moved so that he might see better. "And Rutherford's with her—God bless him!"

Here a gentle rap at his door was followed by a whirlwind entrance of the Countess.

Not supposing that so much excitement on the lady's part could proceed from any cause except a knowledge of the scandal among his guests, Harris mentally commented: "Of course she knows; she's probably come to plead with me on account of the Benonis."

Aloud he said:

"Come in; sit down, won't you?"

She fluttered from one chair to another, choosing a sofa.

"I suppose you know, then?" Harris asked.

"Know!" she cried. "I have been half-distracted."

"And all in a day," he continued, inviting some word of condolence from the distracted lady.

"All since lunch!"

"Since . . . in the last hour, in fact."

"Oh, can't you do something to help me?" she appealed.

"I was just going to ask you the same thing."

"What will her father say?"

"Father?"

"Yes, of course he will hold me responsible."

"You?"

"Why, Mr. Harris, you don't seem to grasp the fact that Rutherford has n't a cent."

"Oh!" And to this distracted exclamation Harris added inwardly: "She does n't know at all." Then, seeing her expectant gaze fixed upon him, he lent himself to this cherished topic.

"What of it, if Rutherford has n't got a cent?"

"What of it that Olivia is madly in love with him? They have been gone from the house since lunch together. She is perfectly capable of engaging herself to this man! Can't you understand my position?"

"No—that is, yes, of course."

Harris's eyes wandered stealthily toward the rose-hedges and the two figures perceptible at the end of the garden.

"Why do you want to separate two young people who are in love?" he asked. "Love is the only thing worth having . . ."

"Oh!" she protested. "You talk like a college boy."

"No," he answered; "I talk like a man who's found out a few things by experience. I guess I've missed my aim, Countess, about as wide as any one."

"Don't say that," she murmured affectionately, seeing that Harris was moved himself at his own words.

Again his eyes turned towards the window.

"Love," he repeated, "is the only thing worth having. The rest is second quality."

"Yes, but frankly," his companion exclaimed, "poetry aside, what do you suppose that Rutherford will ever amount to? Architecture is no sort of an occupation for an able-bodied man."

"Rutherford amounts to something already in my opinion." Harris caught himself quickly. "Not that my opinion's worth anything, but Miss Olivia's is,—you say she's madly in love with him. That speaks pretty well for him."

"But what right had he to make her in love with him?"

"Where was love ever governed by the right to love?" Harris put the question appealingly.

"I don't mean sentimental rights," the Countess answered. "I mean plain, ordinary, material rights."

"What would you call a material right to ask a girl to marry you?"

"Oh, I don't know." She lowered her eyes and pouted as though it were hard to fix so delicate a point.

"Yes, but at about how much would you estimate this right?"

"Why, I should say any man had the right to propose if he had . . . well, say eight hundred thousand or a million." She made an appealing gesture as though she had been confiding to Harris.

Once, twice, he strutted up and down the room, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. Then he turned, facing her, and said deliberately:

"Well, Rutherford has a million. Or he will have as soon as I can make the deeds over to him."

The Countess could not speak for a moment. Then she burst out with a flow of remarks which had the effect of boring Harris. He waved his hand at her to keep still, and then with this preparation he drew her toward the window and pointed to the garden's end.

"Look!" he said.

She babbled on: "I must hunt them up and tell them the news."

"They don't need to be told any news," Harris murmured to himself; "they're there together down by the roses. It'll be time enough to tell them the news later. They don't know we can see them."

"It does n't look," added the Countess, growing interested, and peering to the right and then to the left—"it does n't look as though they had waited for anybody's consent."

"No," Harris rejoined, his face relaxed into a smile which illumined the kindly blue eyes. "No, he's holding her parasol, and . . ." He moved again. "It don't seem right to look . . . She's got her arm through his."

"She has," the Countess affirmed, her tone softening.

"I feel as though their happiness," he went on half to himself, "would purify the whole house."

"Look!" The Countess touched his arm.

"Hush!" her companion whispered. "They might hear us. He's going to . . ."

"Yes, he is . . . !"

And in the warm September light, between the grassy lawn and the roses, Harris and the Countess watched the slender figure in its gown of pink enfolded by two strong arms which held it close while Rutherford bent and touched his lips to Olivia's.

The Countess sighed.

"What will Mr. Endicott think?"

Harris, oblivious, shook his head.

"They're right. Love is the only thing worth having."

And the Countess, half tenderly, added:

"The rest is second quality."



A MEMORY

BY SUE JAUSS BIEBER

THE hour, the lane, we two together;
The flock of little hills a-tether
Like sheep in fold
By bars of gold,—
We laughed in June's most magic weather.

We laughed, for fields were floods of clover,
No cloud but one small hand might cover;
Yet joys too dear
Oft hold a tear,
And sweetest hours are soonest over.

This wrinkled rose my hair adorning,
Its faint fair flush decay a-scorning!—
I placed it there
Against my hair,
Just as you placed it that June morning.

OUR INLAND EMPIRE

By Day Allen Willey

DRIVE the range steer up to piles of bunch grass and the sweetest timothy that makes fragrant the hay-field. Quick will he bury his muzzle in the grass, munching every dust-covered spear of it. Instinct tells him that the little tufts springing here and there from the dry soil are worth cropping to the very roots. The bunches may be a pace apart on the bare ground or half hidden by the sage bush of the arid land, but the white face finds every spear—to him a daintier morsel than the rich herbage of the Blue Grass country or alfalfa itself. Thus, a thousand cattle thrive—fatten—in a region that to the tenderfoot seems incapable of keeping the life in a rabbit; for a few mouthfuls of bunch grass contain as much nourishment as a stomachful of the finest hay.

So men have driven herds through tortuous mountain passes, over plains from which the alkali dust enveloped human and animal as in a mist. Hundreds of miles have they urged their stock, well knowing that a bunch grass ground meant riches, perhaps life, to them. In the days before the wire fence turned the West from a land whose people knew no bounds, into the so-called cattle ranch, the bunch grass hunters were many and bold. Even the frowning parapets of the Cascade Mountains defied them in vain, and thus it was that the Inland Empire had its beginning.

Where is it? Few, if any, of the geographies contain even the name, and the place where the map should indicate it is as yet largely a blank of the yellow tint which the map-maker is fond of using when he indicates one of the earth's waste places. Yes, the Inland Empire is something new in the world. It is the newest civilization in the United States. Begun but yesterday as the years go, the geographer and the map-maker have not yet caught up with its progress. They have not kept pace with its settlement. Places where already towns have sprung up in the wilderness are yet unmarked by dot or circle. The ways of steel by which thousands are yearly entering the new land are but partially shown by the zigzag streaks of red or black denoting the march of the railroad builder. And thousands of square miles still colored with the yellow of desolation are the sites of field,

orchard, and garden yielding an abundance to reward the toil of the husbandman.

There came a year in the history of the Pacific country which the older ones of western California and Oregon still tell about—a year when the streams turned to beds of gravel and sun-baked mud, when even the trickling of the springs where they gushed out of the wooded mountain slopes was no longer heard. The country had dried up. Then, as now, the valleys of the Pacific coast formed a great grazing ground, but the green shoots had turned to brown and the cattle were dropping to the earth—"bone-racks." The stockmen as a last hope turned eastward and sought a way through the Cascades into the great basin which the Indians said lay to the east. They succeeded in getting through the rifts here and there amid the rock barriers and found that it was as the Indians said—but what was better, they found bunch grass, and there they decided to stay. Those who had women-folk went for them and brought them through coulee and canyon to form a nucleus of the civilization, but as late as thirty years ago, when Illinois and Indiana were old to us, when even Kansas and Nebraska were peopled by the tide of immigration from the East, only ten families lived in the country a hundred miles west of the present city of Spokane, and this community which has to-day nearly a hundred thousand within its borders contained but one abode of the white man.

Thus did the Inland Empire come into being. Its pioneers were from the land in sight of the Pacific, but they do not stand as types of its Americanism, much as they have achieved. The settlement has been due to several human movements. The tide of migration across the continent in recent years has been divided into two waves. One moves from Europe, New England, and older Middle States into the so-called "grain belt"—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. The other wave, strange as it may seem, has set westward from these commonwealths. It is the one which has done so much to create the second or last West—to obliterate the frontier. In the settlements in eastern and southeastern Washington, the man with whom you talk tells you how the land and crops compare with those "back in Iowa or Minnesota." He knows all about the first West—the West as the Eastern man still terms it, though it is now the heart of the States. Some of the gray-heads can recollect old York State and away down East, but the multitude who have gone beyond the Rockies were born on the prairie. As children, they did their part in reclaiming the wilderness. Men and women, they have been trained in the easiest and most practical methods of agriculture in a new land. They know from past experience the best sites for homes, and the dwellings which are most eco-

nomical, yet comfortable. They are quick to note which crop will make the most money, whether the climate and soil favor fruit or vegetable, if the land needs irrigation. It is not strange that they should be changing the face of the land so rapidly, since they know well how to do it.

To realize at least something of the bigness of this Inland Empire, let us follow the Columbia, which forms a part of its western boundary. Those of the Northwest still call this the "Oregon," a name which is far more appropriate since the mighty river traverses fully a thousand miles of the Oregon country in its course from the snow-covered summits of the Canadian Rockies to the sea. The Oregonian remembers that it defines the northern limit of his State, but on its way southward it forms a bend truly majestic in its proportions even as seen on the map. The territory which it partly encircles is the "Big Bend" country—the western section of the Inland Empire, which has for its eastern neighbor the Palouse country, reaching far south even to the valley of the John Day River in Oregon. Nearly hemmed in by the Rockies on the east and the Cascades on the west, here nature has created a great basin which is a little world in itself. In it are plateaus extending a hundred miles and more, valleys now known to be of the greatest fertility. Much of the surface of this great basin is as level as a table; consequently the traveller may be startled to come upon a crack in the surface a thousand, sometimes two thousand, feet deep, for here and there are coulees where the Columbia and other water-courses in past ages literally ate their way into the bowels of the earth and have left these gaping fissures as a sign of their power. There are a hundred thousand square miles of this Inland Empire. It encircles five of the largest counties in the State of Washington, not to say the region which it embraces in Oregon. It contains mines, forests, and from them those who have entered it are extracting riches as well as from the tree and shoot. Well can it be called the Inland Empire, for into it have come three hundred thousand men and women within quarter of a century, and thirty thousand more are yearly swelling its army of toilers.

The man of the East who has not been beyond the Mississippi and is accustomed to the congestion of humanity in the older States may smile incredulously at the clause that here is an empire. The West, however, is a country of big things. Its people are known not by numbers, but by achievements. The very bareness of the Great Basin has been a challenge to them to get what they could of value of it—to make good—and they have made good for every year they have forced the soil, the mines, and the forest to contribute a hundred million dollars in value to the nation's wealth—over three hundred dollars to every inhabitant; and this in a region which, as we have

said, has been so lately penetrated by the white man that it is still almost a blank on the modern map. Obviously, the majority have followed the vocation of their fathers and look to the soil for sustenance. There are plains and valleys where a natural abundance of moisture renders the earth fertile, and there are tracts of land which frown with continual drouth. They have taken up their abode on both. Where moisture was needed they have dug the irrigation ditch and drawn water from lake and river. This is why the traveller through the Wenatchee valley sees a rural panorama from the car window that is in strange contrast to the barren plain and hillside east of the Rocky Mountains. Here the turning of the waters upon the earth has been as the waving of the magician's wand. What was but yesterday unfit to produce anything of value to human kind yields so bountifully that the wants of the people hereabouts are not merely supplied, but carloads and steamboat-loads sent to the markets of the East and the coast cities. Orchards of trees laden with peaches, apples, plums, and a dozen other fruits form a vista reaching for miles. There are patches of melons and cantaloupes. Nearly every variety of vegetable can be seen in these "truck" gardens. In harvest time one notes the golden seas of wheat, the rich green of the alfalfa, the West's great fodder crop. But it is not merely a landscape of nature. It teems with life. Here the plow is turning up the earth for a new crop, there the harvester clutters through the grain, making a great swath in the golden sea. Along the highways come "strings" of wagons, each drawn by four or more sturdy horses and laden with the products of the soil, which fill not only the car but sometimes an entire train. There are fleeting glimpses of homes whose exteriors hint at the comforts and conveniences within.

True, in all of the Inland Empire cannot be seen such vistas, but the beautiful valley we have cited is merely one illustration. In the country adjacent to Spokane, which has been well termed the Metropolis of the Inland Empire, are pictures drawn by nature which duplicate it. Go through the Palouse Country and miles beyond even the sound of the locomotive whistle you will also find plain and valley literally throbbing with human life. One title given this great basin is the "Bread Basket of the Northwest." It is not inappropriate, for already the people of the Empire have begun feeding the millions of the Orient. Not a little of the annual crop of forty million bushels of wheat finds its way to the cities of Portland and Seattle and Tacoma, where the steamship and sailing ship are waiting with empty holds to carry it across the Pacific, even around the Horn to Liverpool. In one year ships have sailed through the blue waters of Puget Sound, carrying away from Tacoma alone six million dollars' worth of the grain harvest of the Inland Empire. And back beyond these

grain-fields of the frontier you come across the cowboy of the Northwest. We have read about them in poetry and fiction in the Texas Panhandle, on the plains of New Mexico, and amid the foothills of Montana, but the ones in this Oregon Country can as skilfully throw the lasso or break the bronco as any of their fellows, and the cattle they round up run into the thousands, even tens of thousands, for the herds which the bunch grass hunters drove through the passes of the Cascades have multiplied many fold. Nor must we forget that the sheep on the ranges of the Inland Empire are so numerous that they furnish much of the yearly wool clip of the country.

Here are questions that naturally arise: What kind of men and women are they who have entered this last West? There is no need to go into history to find the answer, as much as history might make the tale attractive. If we chance into but a small corner of this territory—even a single city—we can get an idea of the vigor which is such a trait of their character. Focus the lens of the camera on one of its boulevards. As the negative develops you see the asphalt pavement, the stone sidewalks, the electric lamps, the flower-beds, terraces, shrubbery, forming part of the setting of a home which vies in dimensions and architectural features with mansions seen in Eastern cities—but this is not all of the picture. At the side or forming the background is the dark line of the forest. Start from the post-office or the shopping centre, and within a mile, perhaps, you can see houses set on hill and in valley so surrounded by the woodland that they are but partly visible. True, it is not the original forest—that was cut off long ago, but it has never been cleared, and is now covered with another growth of the fir or cedar—living towers of green, too graceful to be imitated by the skill of the landscape architect.

The up-to-dateness which characterizes this newest civilization of the country is one of its most interesting features. Whether in town or in country, modern ideas prevail. The standard of culture in the East has not been fully attained, but the means are at hand for applying the finishing touches—for polishing the surface. Schools and colleges have been built and provided with the best equipment and instructors that money can secure. The piano is heard in the humbler dwelling as well as the mansion. Art already has its many patrons. A man may buy a thousand-dollar vase or painting merely because he is proud of the embellishment of his home, but if he has rubbed against the rough side of the world too much to have had leisure to know its real value, his children are learning to appreciate it.

To tell the life stories of a few of the men who have drifted hither and become citizens of the Inland Empire would suffice for an article—yes, a book may one day be written which the reader will

find far stranger than fiction. What changes has the first man who settled on the site of Spokane seen! But they are not more varied than his own career. When the yellow lump picked up on Sutter's Creek caused men to cross the continent ahorse and afoot in the quest of gold, Mike Cowley was old enough to become one of the would-be argonauts. The fifty dollars borrowed from his aunt in old York State soon dwindled to nothing, yet he managed to work his way to the coast, only to be disappointed in his search for wealth in the mines. But a few dollars came to him by working as clerk. He spent them for goods which he packed to the mines on a cayuse and sold for double their cost. Then he took out two cayuses and then a train of them. His hundreds swelled to a thousand dollars and more. With the news that silver had been found in the Cœur d'Alenes of Idaho, Cowley was drawn into the rush of adventurers to the new El Dorado, but took a pack train of goods with him. Coming to the ford of the Spokane River, Cowley saw the need of a ferry and returned from the mining camp to build a barge with which he poled the would-be miners across the stream. Meanwhile he opened a general store and traded beads and gunpowder for furs with the Indians. There he stayed and watched the city grow from a cluster of cabins to its present proportions. But as it grew Mike Cowley grew with it. To-day he is a bank director, merchant, real estate owner, and his check is good for a half million.

It has been a land of money-getting, but with the money has come the home, the school, the church. So the Inland Empire has a future before it—a future on which as yet we can only ponder. As the children of the prairie folk took up and finished the civilization which has brought to the heart of the country not only prosperity but culture and a high standard of human life, the children of this empire will be fit to accomplish as much for Americanism. But as we have said, only a small corner of this wilderness has yet been claimed for the white man, for we should remember that those who thus far have entered it are so few in number compared with the crowded East that despite the rapid migration they equal but a tenth of the population of Massachusetts. They are actually fewer than the inhabitants of the tiny commonwealth in New England which could be set down in the limits of a single county of Washington? Of course, there are waste places that will always defy the energy and skill of man to extract from them anything of value, but here is a territory vast in its dimensions which will some day be the centre of industries which may give the Inland Empire as conspicuous a place among the great productive regions of the New World as is occupied by the cotton land of the South, the grain belt of the Central West, or perhaps even the orchards and gardens of the Golden State itself.

THE "YANKEE SNOB"

By Caroline Lockhart

MAJOR HEYWOOD, riding down the sandy road which wound among the South Carolina pines, shifted the position of his shotgun and reined his horse before a notice tacked to a tree, and many emotions were depicted upon his high-bred old face as he read the words which already he knew by heart:

No Hunting Allowed on These Grounds
Trespassers will be Punished to the Full Extent of the Law

So the Northern Gun Club had bought and posted this land also! It seemed to the Major that the hateful muslin rag was nailed on every tree in the county. What ground this club of wealthy Northern sportsmen had not bought, they had leased, so there was scarcely an unposted acre left in the vicinity; and to the Major each new lease or purchase was a personal affront. Would the Yankees, he wondered—they never had ceased to be "Yankees" to Major Heywood—the accursed Yankees pursue him to his grave? Rebellion had been running in the Major's blood all morning, and this new notice made it run hotter and swifter.

"Come on, Steve," he said peremptorily to the ancient negro who walked by his stirrup, and he touched the old white horse with his heel.

The negro was staring blankly at the bit of muslin, the significance of which he knew as well as his master.

"Bettah look out, Massa Dick. Dem Yankees hab you tuck up!"

"Hold your tongue!" the Major replied sharply, and Steve mumbled an apology as he followed into the woods, on the forbidden ground, where the Major never had failed to get up a covey of quail.

"Dar dey are, Massa Dick—dar dey are!"

The dogs came to a point in a clearing, and the Major rode in to the dried grass, getting a fine right and left as the birds went up.

"You suttinly is good, Massa Dick, you suttinly is!" The negro's voice was full of pride and enthusiasm. There was satisfaction on the Major's face as the well-trained dogs brought the birds and laid them at his feet.

"I presume you know you are poaching," said a cold voice, and a pair of steely Northern eyes looked into the Major's own.

The Major's face flamed, his thin nostrils dilated, his handsome eyes blazed.

"B'gad, suh, I know nothing of the sort!"

"You saw the notice, and you know the law."

"I care no more for your law than I care for your notice. If you want satisfaction, suh, we'll step off ten paces and you shall have it, suh. My grandfather and my great-great-grandfather shot over this strip of pine-land, and when I stop shooting over it, it will be because I am too old to hold a gun. Good day and be —— to you, suh!" The Major gave his horse a vigorous kick, and, stiffly erect, rode further into the gun club's grounds.

The old negro, also, straightened his bent back and with a dignity as near like his master's as possible he shamled beside the Major's stirrup.

From this day the Major hated the members of the Northern Gun Club, the "Yankee snobs," with a savage, personal hatred; and the members, in consequence, grew to dislike the belligerent old "Rebel" who persisted in trespassing on their property. They had no conception of the bitterness in the Major's heart, or any real understanding of its cause. They knew him only as a hot-headed old fire-eater who refused to remember that the war was over.

The famous Heywood plantation had been in the path of Sheridan's Raiders, and before they had razed it to the ground the common soldiers had invaded the house, slashing the priceless lace and camel's hair shawls of the women with knives and sabres, and dropping egg-shell china on the floor to "hear it ring." Not one incident or insult of that terrible day was ever forgotten or forgiven by a Heywood. From one of the richest slave-owners and planters in the State, the Major had become, perhaps, the poorest of the whites of gentle birth of the surrounding neighborhood; for he never had been able to adapt himself to the conditions which followed the war. It was not because he had not tried—ah! how he had tried!—but the business instinct was not in him. He had long since given up hoping to retrieve his fortunes, and had become convinced that the best he could expect was a bare living for himself and his wife, and for Steve, his body-servant, who had grown up with him in those dream days before the war.

Their only source of revenue was the rice and cotton fields which they plowed in early spring with the Major's old white saddle-horse; and when the crops from these two fields were short the scratchings of the wolf became painfully distinct.

The ill-feeling between the Major and the members of the gun

club did not abate as the season progressed. In fact, it was rapidly reaching a climax, for Disston, one of the most influential members of the club, and the one who had first encountered the Major on the club's preserves, was strongly urging the arrest and prosecution of the Major as a warning to other "natives" who obstinately ignored the notices.

They had no difficulty in obtaining further evidence of the Major's guilt, for whenever the gentle, white-haired lady whom the Major worshipped expressed a desire for birds, she had them; and, knowing nothing of the feud, enjoyed them, congratulating the Major gaily upon the marksmanship which betrayed no evidence of failing eyesight.

Disston, at the gun club, finally had his way, and it was decided to arrest the Major the day following.

That night Steve awakened the Major to tell him that the old white horse was dying. The Major, sick at heart, worked over it till morning, and then it died in spite of all their efforts.

The death of the old white horse was more than a misfortune,—it was a tragedy. They were to have commenced plowing the rice field for the spring planting the following day. The Major could not borrow a horse from neighbors well nigh as poor as himself, for every beast that could pull a plow was in use. In the black hours before the morning came, it seemed to the Major that there could be nothing ahead but starvation, or public charity, and he shut his teeth hard to keep back the groans. He must smile, he told himself, that the gentle, white-haired lady whom he worshipped should not realize how desperate was their situation.

Steve wept aloud and called upon the Lord for help, inquiring in a vehement prayer what He meant by taking their horse before the rice was in. Behind the barn, where the Major's wife could not hear, the Major and Steve discussed the situation.

"It's the only way, Steve, the only way."

"Yas, Massa Dick, de on'y way."

"Go over and borrow Judge Ridgely's ox long enough to take the plow to the field, and I'll meet you there."

"Yes, suh." Steve touched his ragged hat and shambled across the road.

The sun was high and hot when Disston reined his horse and stared into the Major's rice field from the club side of the fence. His steel-blue Northern eyes expressed astonishment; then a frown gathered upon his clean-cut, immobile face. Disston had the reputation of being brusque to the point of rudeness, among those who knew him but casually. He even had been called a snob by persons of toadying proclivities whom he wilfully ignored. In business he was

stern to harshness. Undoubtedly his personal popularity was confined to a limited circle, though his wealth gave him prestige and power.

A growth of ragged bushes now hid him from view, and he listened in growing amazement to the conversation on the other side of the snake fence.

"'Deed, Massa Dick, I jes' kain't do it! It's gwine to brek dis ol' heart to hitch you to de plow! Lemme try again—mebby I's rested now." Tears were streaming down the negro's face.

"Hush your noise, Steve, and keep the plow straight. This field's got to be plowed, and you've done moah than your share already." The Major adjusted the strap across his chest and bent to the work, while the unwilling negro walked behind in the shallow furrow, whimpering and protesting as he held the plow upright.

"'Fore Gawd, I wusht I'd died 'fore I eber seed dis sight! Oh, Massa Dick, lemme hitch in, now, please lemme hitch in!"

"Hold the plow deeper, Steve!" panted the Major. "Hold the plow deeper!"

"Oh, Massa Dick, I kain't bear to do it! I kain't bear to do it!"

The perspiration was streaming down the handsome, aristocratic old face under the wide-brimmed planter's hat, and the breath was coming in gasps between his parted lips, but still the Major toiled on, straining and tugging at the plow like a beast of burden.

"By Jove! I can't stand this!" burst from Disston, and he sprang from his horse and fairly tore his way through the "cat-claws" and bushes into the rice field.

The Major halted and stiffened when he saw the man who had called him a poacher and practically ordered him from his grounds.

"Major," said Disston as he lifted his hat deferentially, "I want to apologize to you for what I said to you that day in the woods. I did not at the time know who you were. I've been wanting ever since to ask you to forgive me for my bad manners, and to ask you to come and shoot over the club's grounds whenever you feel so disposed. I should like to be friends with you, Major, if you can overlook my mistake."

The Major's face softened. At once he became the gracious Southern gentleman who could be nothing less than generous to a penitent enemy.

"Don't mention it, suh," he replied with his quaint, old-time dignity. "Perhaps I was ovah hasty myself."

"And I came to offer you my horse as some little compensation for my bad manners," Disston continued. "I am going North to-morrow, and if you will take him and use him as your own in my absence, I shall feel that I am really forgiven." No one of Disston's

associates would have recognized the arrogant financier in the man who now with winning voice and smile urged his high-bred hunter upon the old rice-planter.

"Oh, Massa Dick!" burst from Steve, his face radiant.

The Major stroked his white imperial a moment, that he should be sure of his voice before he replied:

"I have said, suh, that no gentleman could be a Yankee, nor any Yankee a gentleman, but I will take your horse as an evidence that I have erred. We are friends, suh!" And the young Yankee and the old Rebel shook hands across the shallow furrow of the rice field.



THE WIND OF FIRE

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

THE Wind is in the trees, shaking the shade of the oaks over the struck grass.

There wakes in the heart of me a feeling of kinship with the Spirit of the Wind.

Something of elemental force, a spark of primeval fire,

Quickens in my breast against which the Wind flaps its great white wings.

Strength and heat, passion and old desire, out of the ashes grow scarlet.

But the Wind stops blowing; the eagle Wind circles into some vast, far eyrie,

While the inward blaze drops down and the garnet ashes grow gray at the fireside of my soul.

The Spirit of the Wind is the Spirit of Fire, making the hearts of men pentecostal with flame.

PENDLETON 'OI

By Karl von Kraft

"YES," sighed the girl; "it has all been very lovely."

Jim Pendleton merely stared with big, unseeing eyes out over the bay. These two, standing apart from their fellow-passengers on the incoming liner which was doing its last mile up the Bay of Naples, heard not at all the ecstatic clamor about them, nor took in a tithe of the unearthly beauty of sea and shore in that July afternoon light.

"But," continued the girl after a pause, discerning that the young man had perfectly sensed her unuttered thoughts, "you see, we have known each other only just during the voyage, and—and—I'm sure it would be very—irregular." For the fraction of an instant her eyes twinkled.

"Irregular!" he gasped, shocked into a posture of half-surprised, half-indignant protest. "Irregular! As if——"

"Now, don't, please!" she broke in earnestly, laying a slender browned hand upon his sleeve with a touch at once steadying and soothing. "You see—or, rather, you won't see—there are things—and folks—to be considered—and"—again with the slightest possible twinkle, though a discouraging tone of finality rang in her voice—"I'm really not sure I like you well enough. Of course—I think—now, please, *please*, don't try to make up my mind for me to-day. But don't look so cut up, either—London and September are n't far off—and then—we'll see!" She smiled up at him brightly.

"Oh, of course I can wait—if I must," he flung with something like petulance; "though it's mighty tough to be put off in this fashion, and have to leave you behind at Naples besides. Two kinds of hard luck at once are too much."

He leaned on the rail, his chin boring into his palm, gazing into those changeful depths over whose color-gleams a thousand poets have raved.

Nancy regarded the sturdy young American at her side. It was a toss-up between tears and smiles. She was really moved by the halting eloquence of Pendleton's pleadings, yet, by contrary mood, her tense feeling almost demanded expression in mischievous laughter. In fact,

she scarcely knew whether this was a genuine love or merely a ship-board sentiment; so, partly from a wisdom beyond her years and partly from that world-old conservative force—indecision—she put off the crisis.

"I sort o' knew it was coming," the young man grinned ruefully. "But I'm not half sorry I tried. I feel a lot better, now that I know—that you know—how I feel—that is—oh, pshaw!" He laughed at his own confusion, and so did Nancy. "Anyhow, don't you think for a moment that I've surrendered," he went on after an instant. "I've just begun to fight;" and Pendleton shot forward a square, determined jaw.

"That will be fun," laughed Nancy, wonderfully brighter now that she had won the first skirmish—without actually routing her favorite enemy. "I dote on a fight! Always did. I think it's in the family. My grandfather"—but the hurry of landing preparations cut off further talk.

The liner was now at anchor, and a fascinating bedlam of beggars, coalers, hawkers, serenaders, and, as Pendleton literally put it, "divers others," held Nancy wide-eyed until the lighter carried the Mannings—Nancy, her mother, and "kid brother" Ned—off to the Customs, where Pendleton's experienced help smoothed away all difficulties and soon sent the little family bowling along toward their bay-front hotel.

An evening call, and walk *en famille* in the Victoria gardens, gave him no chance to reopen the one question with Nancy; and, Naples being an old story, the next morning found Pendleton perforce alone on his way to Rome.

During Nancy's twelve days in and about the southern metropolis her dreams had come true—dreams that haunt with delightful persistency the girlish mind: the vision of a journey beyond the seas to the lands we so aptly call "the Old Country"; and that other, more tender dream, of an enfolding, satisfying love. Mingled with her now self-confessed surrender Nancy felt a certain joy in having delayed the day of open capitulation, but in the meantime her heart sang to a lively measure.

And now the period of her stay in Naples had come to an end—but what matter? There still lay before her the Eternal City, the Florence of Dante and Savonarola, the Venice of Dreams, and all Europe—to say nothing of London with Jim Pendleton in September!

By grace of the Forbes Fellowship in Architecture—won in his senior year at Elm University—Pendleton remained in Rome a week, then gradually made his way north, intending to settle down to a year's fellowship work in the cathedral towns of the continent and Britain.

When at length he reached Venice, his stay was unexpectedly prolonged. A rift had appeared in that side of the grand old Campanile which faced the Clock Tower, and the engineer in charge of the investigations having shown Pendleton no little attention, he decided that a study of the massive column would amply compensate for the shorter time he could spend in Germany. Besides—supreme reason—it must be nearly time for the Mannings to visit "The Queen of the Adriatic," and Pendleton's breath came quickly as he thought of the possibility of meeting Nancy before the time appointed.

So he haunted such places as new-comers would be likely to visit first. He crossed the broad Piazza San Marco and the Piazzetta a dozen times daily, developed a great desire to traverse the court of the Ducal Palace, visited the Accademia frequently, and enriched a pair of gondoliers by meeting every express arriving from Florence. As for the big hotels, he pestered the clerks until even his liberal gratuities no longer made him a welcome inquirer. It must be admitted that Pendleton was rather forlorn.

But one brilliant moonlight evening he found Nancy and her mother seated at one of the little iron tables in front of the Florian Café, taking ices with some American friends. To discover Nancy was enough, but to find her in such kindly mood was heaven. Time had done what his wooing could not accomplish.

For the three extra days which Pendleton had heroically set as the limit of his stay, he was her devoted cicerone, and enjoyed the freedom commonly incident to tourist life.

When the last night came the full moon was glorifying the dream-city, and full moon in Venice is a foretaste of realms celestial. Then for lovers there is no place but the Grand Canal, where, amidst the passing of swift shadowy gondolas, kindred spirits may still be alone.

Jim and Nancy sat silently for a long time as the swaying gondoliers swung their *barca* forward with that peculiar soft, silent, lilting motion which is half of the gondola's charm. The deep shadows lying sharp against the ghostly marble façades, the ethereal moonlight dancing upon the rippling canal, the solemn glory of the night—broken only by the musical cries of the gondoliers and the distant strains from the concert floats—all combined to cast a spell over the young girl whose heart was, even more fully than she knew, responding to the call of love.

Gradually they neared the serenaders and joined their gondola to the mass of floating craft. Ah, how passionately rang out the voice of the tenor as he sang of love; and the shrill yet appealing soprano—how tragically penetrating was her song as it told the loves of Leonardo and Beatrice. Ever of love they sang, ever of love!

And so, on such a witching night, Nancy at length made reply to

the world-old question, slipping her warm soft hand into Pendleton's and pressing her round shoulder against his. The lovers scarcely noticed that after a time their *barca* had left the group of other gondolas and was slowing making its way back toward the Molo. What ineffable content! What serene, lofty understanding! What assurance of unending bliss! What compassion for all sorrow!

"You must tell me," Nancy shyly whispered, "all about yourself—all that I do not know—and, again and again, all that I do. Begin—begin—yes, at your college days. I don't believe you ever told me even the name of your college, though I seem to have known you always."

"There is n't much to tell, Nancy," he said, kissing her hand fondly. "Most of my commonplace life you already know. The future—that will bring the real thing!"

"Yes, Jim dear, it will, I know; I feel, somehow, that you are written down for big things."

"Sweetheart," he said happily, "if you'll always help to make me be and do my best, perhaps that best may be something worth while."

She nestled her brown head close to his big shoulder. "Ah, my dearest, my dearest, your love makes me feel as big—as the dear old Campanile!" She laughed tenderly.

He kissed her again and again. No one remembers the gondolier in Venice!

"That old palace front," said Jim at length, "reminds me of the old Dorm at Elm."

"What, is Elm your university?" she cried in delighted surprise. "Now that I think of it, I do remember seeing you—that first rainy night out of New York, you know—wearing a big sweater, and I noticed that you had won your E. I wonder if you knew my——"

"Why, yes—did n't I tell you?" he interrupted eagerly, ignoring her half-formed question. "Bless your dear heart, I'm almost as proud of the old Varsity as I am of the best mother that ever lived! Elm! I wish I could tell you—I will some day—of all the bully good times we fellows used to have—and of some of the tough times too," he added with a sigh.

Nancy suddenly shivered.

"Let me see—what—was—your—year?" she said slowly, fighting for self-control.

"Why, what's the matter, Nancy? What is it? Are you chilly?" He drew her to him slowly and looked anxiously into her face. Its vague, troubled expression, as foreign to her own bright look as mid-night is to dawn, pierced his heart as with a dagger-point.

"Oh—nothing—Jim; only an unpleasant memory. But—you

have n't answered my question," she persisted, still speaking with difficulty.

"Nineteen one, the best class of the twentieth century, we proudly called it." He forced a laugh, striving to conquer the foreboding which seared his heart.

"Jim—I am ill! Please have the rowers hasten; I must get back at once. There was—some—other—Pendleton—in—your class, Jim?" she gasped. "Tell me that there was, dear Jim, tell me!" Her voice was an agonized whisper; her face, in the flooding moonlight, shone tense and wan.

"Darling, I don't understand you! No—why—I was the only Pendleton—but how can that affect you? You can't mean—oh, Nancy, are you so very ill? For God's sake, tell me what you mean!" And then, as she did not reply, "Why won't you explain?"

The gondola had already reached the Britannia, and the handsome young oarsman who assisted Nancy to alight crossed himself and muttered a prayer as the sick, twitching pallor of her face revealed the struggle that lacerated her soul. But not a sound could she utter. She was dazed and numb.

Up the steps they staggered together, Pendleton clutching Nancy's arm till at another time she must have cried out for pain. His compressed white lips told of the nameless fear that was choking out his life. In that moment he lived an eternity.

At length, when Pendleton had seated her in the garden, Nancy wearily lifted her face to his. Its tearless pathos sickened him. He could have died for the privilege of bearing her pain, and she would not speak! Signing for him to leave her, she faltered, "I must be alone now, Jim. To-morrow—early—at St. Mark's."

And so Pendleton left her.

The sacristan of St. Mark's mildly wondered who was the haggard young visitor, the earliest to enter the great central portal of the solemn old cathedral on that July morning. Indeed, he looked not unlike a certain gay young fellow who had recently given him many a silver lira in exchange for such favors as the potent official in charge of a world-famous basilica could bestow upon those whose wish it was to study its art or its architecture. But this fellow—he was of quite different mould—wretched, despairing, unkempt—pouf! it mattered little! As for himself, he could find more of interest in the tearful little *signorina* whom he had just admitted to the cathedral through the Porta della Carta, and who even now was praying in the Cappella di San Isidro. Holy Virgin, how beautiful, yet how dejected, she looked! A foreigner also, perhaps. But these foreigners, they were all half demented! And the old man shambled away mumbling, leav-

ing Pendleton vainly awaiting the arrival of Nancy—even while, unseen by him, she was pouring out her bruised heart in incoherent torrents at the altar of a little chapel just inside the southern entrance.

Once within the cool and shadowy sanctuary, Nancy overwhelmingly dreaded having her doubt of Jim's integrity turned into certainty. As she reviewed the secret charges at Elm University against "Pendleton '01"—known as yet to only a few of his classmates—she longed for the gates of silence to be lifted, but to hear from his own lips a confession of his guilt would have frozen the spring of her life. No—she could not face the crisis just yet—a little longer she would pray for strength and—yes, that was it, that Jim might prove his innocence.

Nancy had been taught that prayer to the Virgin was akin to idolatry, yet she yearned this day to unbosom herself to that Benign Mother of Sorrows, whose own riven soul had once wailed, "Was ever grief like unto mine!" But then, as quickly, came a shuddering revulsion. How could she breathe into any ear the shameful story of her woe? All her being besought an answer to the one vital question: What should she do with her misery? So intense was her struggle that she forgot where she was—forgot that she had come by appointment to meet her lover, to hear his own voice tell her the truth. Again and again she had assured herself that he was innocent; but then there were the facts. Ah, it seemed too true that Jim, her adored Jim, was confessedly a thief—worse, a wretched traitor to a trusting friend and college class-mate—and that friend Nancy's own foster-brother. Could misery—and shame—be greater! Why seek longer for an explanation; had she not consumed the night in torturing efforts to explain away his guilt? Had she not again and again rehearsed to her throbbing heart every shameful detail, hoped against hope until the black certainty had been forced upon her? Oh, why must she herself confront him with the terrible accusation! How had her idol fallen! And yet she loved him—ah, dear God, how she loved him! That was the bitterness of it all. Had her soul been less fully his she could have—but it was all there before her in hideous detail. Her Jack, her more than foster-brother, her childhood's comrade, Jack Newell, had worked hard two years in competition for the Forbes fellowship, at last completing a thesis which the few who had seen it felt must win the coveted honor, together with its emolument of travel and residence abroad. And then, when too late to rewrite, the manuscript had disappeared as completely as by enchantment. And the only man who knew where Jack had kept his thesis—the only man whose room-key was afterwards found to match that of Jack Newell's—the only man who was *known* to have been alone in the corridor of Old South the evening the manuscript disappeared—and the man to whom the Forbes fellowship was finally awarded—was Jim Pendleton!

For fully an hour Pendleton wandered uneasily in the vast old cathedral, vainly trying to settle his thoughts upon the intricate tracery that adorned the Byzantine domes, or the marvellous brazen embellishments of the lattice, lamps, and lecturn. He could only dwell upon the riddle of Nancy's actions. It did not occur to him to connect his present troubles with the recent scandal at Elm. But four men knew of the trouble, and none of them—but it could n't be that.

Repeatedly he passed a hooded figure, apparently in the conventional peasant garb, kneeling in the dim, cool shadow at one of the side altars in the Cappella di San Isidro. He did not suspect that the tearful devotee was Nancy. That she, the daughter of a Protestant home, could find solace for her woes in preferring her petitions at a Roman shrine never suggested itself to his mind, any more than that she should keep her appointment in a cloak so different from her accustomed garb as unwittingly to constitute, in the religious light of the cathedral, a veritable disguise.

And so the tempest of doubt and torment raged alike in the breasts of both. Tortured, consumed, his parched lips fairly blood-streaked, his hands aching from their clenched intensity, his whole attitude declaring his poignant distress, Pendleton wandered back to the choir and mechanically turned to gaze down the superb length of the venerable basilica.

Suddenly his eye caught the vision of a familiar form just leaving the church by the main portal to pass out to the Piazza San Marco. His heart gave a choking bound. The little penitent was Nancy! He knew the direction which she must take—she would pass under the shadow of the Campanile and, traversing the length of the Piazza, enter the hotel gardens. He rapidly made his way to the entrance, where he stood for an instant in order to accommodate his vision to the brilliant glare of the external world.

At that moment a portentous roaring, as of the breaking up of a titanic ice gorge, smote his ears. The earth leaped to meet the skies. A great cloud of stifling white dust filled the air, and, thundering, hurtling from its superior height, the column of centuries, the historic Campanile, came crashing to its fall.

Pendleton crouched in stricken horror. On the very spot he had that instant vacated, the Great Golden Angel that had stood for four hundred years upon the apex of the mighty Campanile fell and lay, almost unbroken, at his feet.

For a moment a dreadful hush pervaded the scene. Neither voice of man nor flutter of pigeon broke upon that ghastly stillness. It was as though in the mighty fall all the world had been destroyed and he only was left to view the ruin. Then arose a wail as from the entire city. From the hundred shops that belt the Piazza rushed the terror-

stricken tradesmen, gesticulating wildly, clamoring with tears and groans to know if Venice, their dear island city, was now to sink to the depths of the sea, whence, centuries gone by, she had arisen, stone upon stone, to be the pride and the glory of the world. A moment, and thousands had gathered from their near-by homes, the hotels emptied themselves of their guests, and the broad Piazza was thronged with frenzied multitudes shuffling with nervous tread upon the thick deposit of disintegrated mortar that covered every stone like a sickly white shroud.

Pendleton, a horrible fear tugging at his heart-strings, now rushed about in search of Nancy, though he knew in his heart that she must have perished in the very climax of the cataclysm. Now he pressed inquiries upon excited Italians. Now he tore madly with his hands at the pile of ruins to disentomb his beloved. Now another fear gripped him, for in the far corner of the Piazza a tumult was arising and the people with one accord rushed toward the narrow avenues that led to and from the square on every side, in a wild rush to find egress.

"San Marco is falling!" "Venezia sinks into the sea!" "Save yourselves!" "Make for the Islands!" "Over the bridge!" "To the gondolas!"

The populace was mad with fright. The thousands which had, but a moment before, hastened from every quarter to witness the havoc, were now pressing incontinently to escape the threatened doom. To the fear-stricken pallor of their faces the fine mortar dust, rising from beneath a myriad trampling feet, added the phantasmal ghastliness of a Wierz canvas.

Pendleton found himself caught in the swirl of raging humanity—and thanked the memory of foot-ball finesse. Setting his teeth, he squared his shoulders and, digging his heels in the rough joints of the pavement, leaned back against the howling, clutching mob, and thus succeeded in keeping his feet until he was carried with the throng under the Clock Tower, into the shopping district of the Merceria, and thence into a narrow side street.

He dimly recognized how hopeless it was to search for Nancy then. Even if the relentless masses of tumbling brick should have spared her, what could he hope from the brutal delirium of this trampling mob? Life was worth very little to him now. Half dazed, he pushed through the crowd to rescue whom he might. Just to his left he heard the piercing cries of a little girl. "*Madonna mia!*" she wailed after her shrieking mother who was being forced away. "*Madonna mia, come back. Do not leave me so!*"

He threw all his strength into the struggle. Reaching over the heads of the people he was just in time to catch the little one as she was falling beneath the hurrying feet. He perched her upon his shoulder

and made for the nearest wall, from which coign of vantage he was able to pass her on to a pair of strong arms that reached down from an overhanging balcony. Just before him an aged crone was gasping for breath. The crowds pressed wildly upon her. His sturdy arms rescued her also. And so performing prodigies of strength—all the while almost unconscious of everything but the blinding grief that had taken all the color and joy out of his life—he moved about, until at length comparative quiet came upon the crowd—until the people learned that the threatened general disaster was really not imminent.

Gradually he worked his way back to the Piazza. He searched every shop, he poured questions upon dulled ears, he investigated the débris until the soldiery forced all back and workmen began to erect a fence about the ruin—but all without the slightest trace of Nancy.

It had not occurred to him until that moment to go to the Britannia to see if she might have returned to her hotel. So thither he ran. There was little comfort there, for he met Mrs. Manning and Ned just emerging from the hotel garden, bent upon the same hopeless mission of search.

As Nancy emerged from the cathedral, she was halted by an excited officer of the Guardia Municipale, who forbade her passing by the Campanile, which, he said, might fall at any moment. The square had already been quickly cleared, and instead of traversing the Piazza San Marco, as Pendleton had divined that she would, Nancy found that she must turn to the left into the Piazzetta, and pass along the façade of the Ducal Palace, in the direction of the grand canal. This she did, resolving to take a gondola from the Molo to her hotel.

She had scarcely reached the Piazzetta when the splendid column of brick and marble, which for centuries had reared its height three hundred feet in air, sank upon its foundations with a mighty expiring groan. As by a miracle she had escaped. Sick with fright, and in the double despair of her heart, she flew down to the Molo. Without asking help from the astounded old *ganziere*, who was wringing his hands in terror, nor noticing that there was no gondolier in charge, she leaped into the nearest craft. By some mischance it was unfastened, and in a moment had drifted out into the canal.

All Venice was hastening to the scene of the catastrophe. Who, then, should heed the despairing gesticulations of a wild-eyed girl floating in a gondola upon the broad highway of water?

Nancy sank to the floor of the boat in horror. "Jim! Jim!" she wailed, "why did I doubt you? It can't be true that you were so mean and low! If it's true, how can I love you so? It's not true, Jim, it's not true!" And again a paroxysm of tears and lamenting cries.

Suddenly there flashed upon her memory that forgotten fact of her engagement to meet Pendleton in St. Mark's that morning. Why had he not met her? She remembered vaguely her own hesitation, but then why had he not come to her? She could not now remember why she had left the church. Then for a moment her mind grew clearer. Could it be that in this hour of general cataclysm his love too had failed her? Ah!—she knew it now—that would be more awful even than the stain upon his honor to which circumstances pointed so directly. In that moment she was ready to forgive—rather, to believe him against the world—if only Jim were safe by her side.

Safe? Why—what new horror! What if he had come to meet her and had been crushed beneath the falling tower! She leaped to her feet with such violence that the fickle gondola nearly pitched her into the waters. But she made her way unsteadily back to the little platform on which the gondolier stands to propel his craft.

There was no oar. And even though there were, how could she handle this cumbersome weight. The full force of her helplessness smote her as with a physical blow.

And all the while the gondola was drifting farther and farther out into the deserted Lagoon.

For a time Nancy was unconscious of all that passed around her. Again, she pictured her beloved lying in agony beneath the falling bricks. Still again she imagined him by her side, and then she poured into his ear assurances—endearing assurances—of her changeless faith in his honor and love.

But unconsciousness at length came to relieve the overwrought mind, and Nancy fell back among the cushions under the protection of the black silken awning.

How long she drifted she never knew. It was days after when, in a scrupulously clean little chamber, her surroundings all strange, she wakened to consciousness. Aided by such sign language as she could command, the oval-faced peasant woman whom Nancy found at her bedside managed to explain that she had been found drifting in the Lagoon and had been taken to the cottage where she now was.

It somewhat mitigated the grief of Mrs. Manning and Pendleton to learn that, owing to the successful efforts of the Guardia in clearing the space immediately surrounding the huge column just preceding its collapse, no one had perished beneath the Campanile. But where, then, was Nancy? Pendleton dreaded a fate worse than that of burial beneath the shapeless ruins of what was once the pride of Italy. With Nancy alone among a people whose brutality differed in no respect from that of any other mob acting under the frenzy of physical fear, what had he to hope?

In those anxious days Pendleton came very near to Mrs. Manning, who began to look upon him as on a son to whom she could confidently commit the future of her daughter—if, indeed, that dear treasure should ever be restored to them. But the mother did not know of the barrier of suspicion that more effectively separated them than could her disapproval. From Pendleton, the difference in names had effectually concealed Jack Newell's relationship to Nancy.

Daily, the searcher haunted the *Procuratie* and at last a glimmer of light rifted the clouds of his hopelessness. A boatman, the officials learned, had picked up a delirious girl, lying in a gondola drifting near Chioggia, far to the south of Venice. Apparently she was a foreigner, and perhaps, said the *Procurateur*, the *signore* would find this to be the *signorina* for whom he was searching. At all events, he could have a member of the *guardia* to go with him to Chioggia and see.

Not daring to raise the hopes of the mother by telling her of this remote clue to Nancy's whereabouts, Pendleton set out as fast as the steam launch could carry him, and in due season arrived at the blue and white stuccoed cottage of the boatman, Giuseppe Tombini.

"Ah, *carissima Signorina*, do not weep," pleaded the kindly little Maria, Giuseppe's girl wife. "The *sirocco* has ceased to blow, and to-day, if the Holy Virgin wills it, my Giuseppe shall visit Venezia and seek for the *Signorina's* mother—and perhaps he may also find the *Signore* Pen—Pen—how is it that the *Signore* is called?—of whom the *Eccellenza* spoke so much in her fever dreams? Ah, these fever dreams! Do I, Maria, not know how terrible they are? One sees everything—everything! When the *picciola bambino* was but a month old—" and so the simple hearted child prattled on, unmindful of the tears that slowly coursed down Nancy's wan cheeks.

For an hour she had been lying awake in the little chamber, just off from the one living room in the boatman's cottage, looking far out over the waves of the Adriatic as they danced so merrily in the morning sun—as though never a repining heart throbbed in tortured human bosom. Her fingers nervously plucked at the gorgeous flowers on the chintz coverlet. With returning consciousness came a feeble reassertion of her young strength and a rush of impatient protest against her helplessness, but an effort to arise only emphasized this condition.

With that singular disregard for simple expedients which often follows when the mind has received a great shock, Nancy did not inquire for quicker methods of communicating with her mother, but resigned herself to awaiting the result of Giuseppe's journey to Venice. All the horror of the past three days trooped in fantastic procession before her aching eyes. She tried repeatedly to connect all the occurrences which had transformed her so suddenly from the happy betrothed to the lost lamb who had wandered far from shelter and love. But all efforts

to reconstruct her shattered consciousness resulted only in added distress. Fragments, indeed, of recent happenings stood out, painted with painful clearness. But how to trace, in her late terror of doubt as to Jim's integrity, in the awful fall of the Campanile, and in the weird, distorted memories of her efforts to reach her hotel—how to trace in all these the way to her present situation, neither her own conjectures nor Maria's voluble but rather unintelligible suppositions could teach her.

Of one thing, however, she was certain: if only Jim were here——

At that moment she thrilled and thrilled again, until it seemed as though the keen pain of delight would rend her heart for very joy—and dread. Jim had come! She knew it—knew it as love often discerns the approach of love, not by any physical sense at all, but by that impalpable something we call spirit.

He entered her chamber as gently as a mother approaching the couch of her slumbering first-born. Fair, like a crushed flower, Nancy lay as though asleep—eyes closed, limpid tears glittering on her long lashes.

Pendleton stood for an instant regarding her, all the longing of his soul struggling against his fear of awakening the sleeper. A sweet, half-weeping smile began to play about her lips. Nancy opened her eyes.

For a few moments neither moved or spoke. Then, "Jim!" whispered a faint voice, "Jim—I don't understand it all, but—I love you."

In a moment the big boyish head was pillowed on her bosom. Kneeling there Pendleton kissed away the tears from eyes that had lately wept more than their meed. And there they both remained long, to search the past and the present for answers to the riddles with which that trickster, Fate, had beset their loves.

But perhaps Fate's strangest prank of all was that, on the very morning when Pendleton set out to find Nancy at Chioggia, he received by registered post a precious package from his American attorney. It contained the ante-mortem statement of an envious classmate, fully confessing the theft of Jack Newell's thesis, and exposing the degenerate cunning by which he had succeeded in falsely stamping the theft upon Jim Pendleton.



THE INEXPLICABLE

BY STACY E. BAKER

TALES have been told—but who of ye are wise
To read the story in a mother's eyes!

THE PATCHWORK LADY

By Dorothea Deakin

ALL the freshness and grace of spring were hers. The blue of the March sky in her eyes, the color of pink almond blossoms in her cheeks. All the sunshine of the world was in her smile, and she was not for me.

"You must be mad!" cried I disgustedly. Indeed, I could n't understand her. Primula fidgetted with her white furs. The violets I had given to her fell to the ground. I picked them up and fastened them sternly in their place again with a large pin. I always carry a pin.

"Listen," I said; "let me put the matter plainly." There is something about a woman's brain which makes it impossible for her to see anything in a sane and wholesome light. "Setting sentiment aside——"

"But that's a thing you never can do in this world," she broke in wistfully. "Life's a perfect sea of sentiment."

"Quite so," said I. "And you're trying to drown yourself in it—and me too. Let *me* be your lighthouse, Primula. Let me show you the way to dry land."

"But I never *could* learn to swim," said she sadly. "I've given up trying."

I kept my temper.

"Look here," said I gently; "we love each other—you and I. It is fate. We were made to make each other happy——"

"Or unhappy." As usual, she took the darker view.

"I want you—you want me. Tommy Mainwaring *does n't* want you. He's absolutely unworthy of you. He's jilted you, to all intents and purposes. He only wants the joys of the bottle and——" I hesitated a moment, but finally decided not to spare her—"and the Patchwork Lady."

Primula turned away with a sob, but I went on:

"You made a foolish promise to his mother——"

"His dying mother, Edmund."

"And the more reason why it should n't be kept. It was inexcusable to work upon your feelings at such a moment."

Primula turned quickly to me with such a wonderful look that I—well, I was almost ashamed. I am not often ashamed. "We loved each other then," said she. "She depended upon his love for me to keep him—well, to keep him——"

"Has it?" I asked grimly, but Primula disregarded my question, and went on steadily:

"'You are a good girl,' she said to me. 'A boy needs a good influence if he is to come unspotted through the world. He needs an ideal. Keep him up to the high water mark of yours, and I shall not fear for him.'"

I frowned at her exalted tone, and the sight of her glowing face maddened me.

"She said a lot of other things," Primula went on quickly. "She said that Tommy needed a guiding star more than most people."

"He does," said I, "as much as any one I know. But——"

"And I promised. I said that if every one else in the world abandoned him, I would cling to him still. I said that, unworthy as I was, I would try to do as she wished, and the bare thought cheered her up wonderfully before she died."

"Well?"

Her face fell.

"I did try; I have been trying ever since——"

"You have," said I grimly; "for five years, quite unsuccessfully."

"I have never once lost an opportunity of carrying out her wishes. No one's last request could have been respected more, and yet——"

"Go on," I said.

"It was all wasted," said she wretchedly. "I used to think he was listening at first, and then he'd suddenly break in and say something light and frivolous about my eyes or hair or lips that had nothing to do with anything."

"Eyes and hair and lips," I sighed as I looked at her.

"And then," she pursued, "that stage passed, and he only got angry and told me for God's sake not to preach. And I never lost my temper, indeed I did n't, and I was always tactful, and yet——"

"And yet?"

"He used to make me cry often with the dreadful things I heard about him. Only last month I was crying fit to break my heart, and he just said, 'For the Lord's sake, Primula, swear at me, throw a plate at me, if you like, but don't weep over me any more!' and slammed the door and went out of the house without another word."

"Young hound!" The tears standing in her eyes at the bare memory infuriated me. "And you can devote your life to a man who behaves like this!" I cried.

"I shall never abandon him," said she.

"He makes you a laughing-stock," cried I. "He's always at the feet of the Patchwork Lady now. Have you seen her? She well deserves her name. She dresses in a thousand colors, all of the brightest. She wears a golden wig, and the red and white of her cheeks is—well, it's red and white. She earns her living by singing comic songs in the third-rate halls. I believe she dances too. She has the rudest stare and the loudest laugh and the worst manners——"

"Poor Tommy," said Primula softly.

"Poor fiddlesticks!" cried I sharply. "He has only himself to thank. He likes low company—always did. He was always more at ease in his shirt-sleeves, with a hammer and a saw and a chunk of wood, than he was in your drawing-room. He's galloping just as fast as he jolly well can down the road to ruin. He's taken a first-class single in the down express——"

But Primula's eyes only lit up with a brighter light. She drew a deep breath.

"It's not too late to save him yet," said she.

"He's lost his situation," said I, with heat. "He's cut by every decent person in the town. He's not been sober for a month. His father has cast him off. He goes about looking like a tramp——" I stopped abruptly at the sight of her inspired eyes, her sweet parted lips.

"He has one true friend still!" cried she. "Edmund, if I sacrifice my whole life to do it, I will save that boy."

And she went indoors and wrote a little earnest note to that effect, telling him that she forgave him all, and asking him to come and see her. He did n't answer the letter. He did n't come to see her. I was not surprised, considering what I had heard.

For the Patchwork Lady held him fast in her painted toils, and flaunted openly through the town, dragging in her wake the willing captive of her bow and spear.

"I am told that she drinks even more than he does," I told Primula. It was, of course, my duty to tell her what I heard.

Primula sat down at the table and hid her face in her hands.

"They drink together," said I. It was only right that she should know. How silly she was to cling to that absurd promise! I hated false sentiment. There was I, certainly the best match in the town, fretting and longing for a girl who undoubtedly loved me, and would, but for Tommy Mainwaring, be glad to marry me. The thing was incredible.

Suddenly, as I stood and watched her, she rose. I never saw such eyes to shine as hers.

"I am going to see the Patchwork Lady!" cried she enthusiastically. "I've had an inspiration."

"What!"

"I am going to tell her what she is doing."

"Primula!"

"I am going to appeal to her better feelings."

"You must be mad. I don't suppose she has any."

"I am going to beg her—if she loves him—to let him go."

"She's more likely to let him go if she does n't love him."

Primula shook her head and told me that I did n't understand a woman's heart. I certainly did n't understand hers.

And so she called on the Patchwork Lady, who lived in a squalid lodging in Cinderland Lane, and I waited for her outside with angry impatience, so utterly did I disapprove.

The Patchwork Lady was ironing out an old pink silk skirt when Primula was shown in, and when she saw the girl standing there, tall and slim and beautiful in her white furs, she dropped the hot iron and said something Primula never cared to repeat to me.

"I have come to you as woman to woman," Primula began bravely.

"If it's charity," said the Patchwork Lady, hastily snatching at a blue and white beaded bag, "I can't give more than half a crown. I'm nearly broke."

Primula was rather surprised at this, because when she had been collecting for the Society for the Amelioration of Superannuated Town Councillors, she had never been able to get more than two shillings—even from the very biggest houses. And the Patchwork Lady had n't even asked what it was for, or if it was deserving.

"I have not come for money," said Primula earnestly. "I have come to ask you to relinquish a human soul."

The Patchwork Lady glanced uneasily at the door and pushed her golden hair out of her eyes. It was then that Primula saw that it really was her own hair, though probably dyed.

"What are you getting at?" she demanded fiercely.

"I want you to let Mr. Mainwaring go."

"Let him go? Go where?"

"Send him away from you," Primula pursued earnestly. "Give him up. He has lost his situation—he has disgusted all his friends——"

"Poor sort of friends his must be," said the Patchwork Lady, with a meaning sniff.

"Do you care for him?" Primula asked softly.

The Patchwork Lady picked up the iron which had been slowly scorching a hole in her dusty carpet and held it near her rouged cheek to try the heat; then she asked Primula if she had n't better mind her own business if she wanted other folks to mind theirs.

The Patchwork Lady

"It is my business," said the girl boldly. "I want to save him."

The Patchwork Lady regarded her curiously and muttered something to the effect that it was like her cheek.

"Oh!" cried Primula. "Let me implore you to listen to me. You can't be *all* bad. No one can be all bad——"

"Nor yet all good," said the Patchwork Lady grimly, ironing hard, with a cool iron. "That's a cert."

"Send him away," Primula begged.

"Why?"

Primula flushed.

"You must see," she said, "that while he is under your—your spell, he is deaf and blind to all better influences."

"Meanin' yours?" the Patchwork Lady suggested thoughtfully.

Primula ignored this.

"If you love him, I implore you to give him up."

"You do, do you?" said the Patchwork Lady. "If *you* loved a man, would *you* give him up to a better influence?"

Primula grew pale. How could she explain that a better influence was impossible? "The cases are so dissimilar," she faltered. "I hope I should try to do what was best for him."

"Do *you* love Tommy Mainwaring?"

Primula was silent.

"Are *you* the girl he was engaged to?"

"Yes."

"Are you the girl who used to treat him as a black sheep when he was as steady as any young man in the town?"

The Patchwork Lady had put down the iron and stood with hands on hips, regarding Primula with a strange smile. Then she hastily turned and drank something out of a tumbler on the mantelpiece and smiled again.

"Are you the girl who nagged at him morning, noon and night?"

"Oh——"

"Are you the girl who preached and worried and drove him to things he'd never have thought of if you'd met him with a smiling face and trusted him and believed the best of him?"

"I—er—I——" I never knew what Primula replied to these impertinent demands. She does n't know herself.

"If you *are* the girl who did all this—and I suppose you are, from your pretty face and your bright eyes—oh, yes, he's often talked to me about your face and your eyes—if you're that girl, you may take it as a sure thing it was you who drove him to the devil, not me."

Primula grasped the chair-back to steady herself.

"I ought n't to have come," she faltered as she turned to go. "I ought n't to have come here to be insulted. I——"

"Yes, you'd better go," said the Patchwork Lady. "Because, you see, you never had no right to come, unless you loved him, and if you'd loved him you'd have believed the best of him from the beginning instead of the worst. You've got a lot to learn."

Poor Primula! She came out to me with her lovely eyes swimming in tears, and I thought it only right to ask her if it had n't been a lesson to her. And she said that her path was beset with thorns and pitfalls, but that she meant to go on treading it, however painful it was, rather than the primrose one we had both heard so much about.

When she got home she wrote to Tommy and told him exactly what she had undergone for his sake, and would n't he come and see her and they would try to forget his sins together? And Tommy did n't come.

She wrote again the next day and the next, and with every letter, as she grew angrier at his silence, her tone grew more forgiving, angel that she was.

And yet Tommy kept away.

I heard the news first. Every man in the town was full of it. I rushed off to break it to Primula with a joyful heart. At last I should be able to persuade her to listen to me.

"Tommy's done it this time!" cried I, as I came up to her in the garden. She grew white.

"What—oh, what *more*?"

"He's eloped with the Patchwork Lady. I knew he would."

Primula's cheeks were painted suddenly a distressed rose. Her eyes shone.

"Where to?" she asked. I stared.

"What does it matter where to?" cried I joyfully. "It's enough that he's gone, is n't it? You're free now. Darling, don't you see that you're free——"

Primula shook her head.

"I shall never be free," she said sadly. "I am bound by fetters of honor to help him—to reclaim him——"

"But suppose he's married her? It's just the kind of wild thing Tommy Mainwaring *would* do."

Primula shook her head.

"That will make no difference," she said surprisingly. "The greater his need, the more I must keep my promise. The harder the task, the more I must n't shrink from it."

"But you can't go on being a guiding-star to another woman's husband."

"I must rescue him before it is too late," said she sorrowfully.

"I shall never forget the way that dreadful woman spoke to me."

"But he's gone away——"

The Patchwork Lady

"I must find out where he is. Even to the uttermost parts of the earth, Edmund, I must follow him and bring him back."

"Well—by George!" said I, and indeed I was flabbergasted. But Primula was quite in earnest, and I had to set to work to find "clues"—a more distasteful task I leave you to imagine. She was a wonderful girl. I said as much to Jack Holgate when I met him that evening and tried to pump him about Tommy, and he said he did n't wonder that Tommy had cut and run if she was like that. But Holgate is a man absolutely without ideals. He also said absurdly that Tommy should never have been put in an office; that he was a first rate artisan spoiled. He said absurdly that if his father had allowed him to take up cabinet-making, as he wished, he might have been a different man. He said that it was n't the drink and the Patchwork Lady that had done for him so much as this twopenny halfpenny false gentility; and Primula's sermons. I was thoroughly disgusted with him, and when he told me that the Patchwork Lady was quite a good sort when you got to know her, I left him in displeasure.

No one knew where Tommy was. No one knew where the Patchwork Lady was. They had disappeared as completely as if they had never been. And Primula advertised to "T. M." that all should be forgotten and forgiven.—P. And no reply came. Yet she was still as iron to my entreaties.

"I promised to save him," was always her answer.

It was a year and a half before we heard of them, and then quite by accident, I heard through a man travelling in beer that he had seen Tommy in Irminster.

Reluctantly I told Primula. The joy of battle leaped once more into her eyes—joy of the reopening of the battle for Tommy's lost soul.

"You'll come with me to Irminster, won't you?" she cried.

Of course I said I'd go. What else could I say?

"How are you going to set about—about what you're going to try to do?" I asked vaguely.

"I shall appeal to his higher feelings," said she promptly.

"Ah, you've done that before, have n't you?"

"And the memory of his mother."

"I see."

"I shall tell him that the past shall be wiped out forever directly the new leaf is turned."

"And the Patchwork Lady?" Primula was silent.

"We must try to catch him alone," she said at last in a distinctly doubtful voice, and I—well, I wondered.

Irminster is a smutty little town, but there is one green and be-gardened suburb, and this was where we found that Tommy lived,

after fruitless inquiries at the police station and the Hippodrome. We learned their address quite accidentally from a greengrocer, where Primula bought some pears.

In nervous silence I followed her up a brick-paved cottage path between sweet-williams and hollyhocks, and when she knocked at the door I hung back. When it opened, I gasped. For it was a pretty, fresh-faced young woman who let us in with a surprised laugh, and then smiled at us in a friendly fashion. "Come in," said she. "I'm expecting him home to tea."

In bewildered silence we followed her into the comfortable house-place. A kettle was singing on the hob; there were rose-colored geraniums and musk on the window-sill; a large tabby cat slept on the black and red hearth-rug, and a pink and white baby with a daffodil yellow patch of hair gurgled conversationally in a wooden cradle in the chimney corner. It was the conventional cottage home of the stage.

Could it be the Patchwork Lady? There was no rouge now—no patchwork. What fairy godmother had been at work to produce this attractive young person in the fresh blue cotton gown, with eyes to match it, and such pretty, bright, glossy hair?

The table was laid for tea—high tea, it seemed, with chops now keeping warm on the bright fender. The Lady—Patchwork no longer—caught up the baby and held it out to Primula.

"We've called her after you," she said amazingly.

Primula, quite speechless, sank into a chair, and the Patchwork Lady put the little creature back in its cradle. "She's got her father's eyes," she said irrelevantly. We looked at each other—at the geraniums and the canary and the singing kettle and the tabby cat. It was an amazing picture.

"Tommy?" I asked slowly.

"Seems odd, does n't it?" With a queer little laugh she turned to Primula. "And your doing, all of it."

"My doing?" Poor Primula.

"Remember that day you and me had words?" the Lady asked brightly. Primula was silent. "You've not forgot the day you came to try and save Tommy?"

"No—I—I've not forgotten."

The Lady laughed softly at the sight of our thunderstruck faces. "Lord, what a turn you gave me!" said she frankly. "After you'd gone I sat there and never moved for a whole blessed hour. You'd left me something to think about, you see."

"Oh!"

"Yes. It had never struck me before that Tommy was worth saving, and when I came to think it over, it seemed to me that if he was worth saving to a slip of a girl who did n't care a pin for him

and thought him dirt beneath her feet, he was worth ten times more to me, because I—well, I liked him, you see.”

“Yes, I see,” said Primula faintly.

“How to do it?” said the Patchwork Lady gaily. “That was the question. Preachin’ and cryin’ over him was worse than nothin’. You’d proved that.”

“Oh!” said Primula again.

“So I thought and thought.” She put the brown teapot on the hob to warm. “And then it came to me like a flash.

“‘Don’t try to save *him*,’ said I to myself. ‘Ask him to save *you*. You want it quite as bad——’”

“By George!” said I weakly.

“So I chucked the tumbler of whisky into the fire there and then, and when he come in I asked him to help me to give up the drink. I said I was n’t strong enough to do it alone. And he—well, he likes me, you see.”

“I see,” said I.

“And we came here and were married, and Tommy saw that I could n’t give it up unless he gave it up, too, and so we—well, we both chucked it. He never touches now, not even on a Saturday, and he’s got a job cabinet-making and earning three pounds a week. And now there’s Baby. Tommy thinks the world of Baby.”

“I see,” said Primula again. She rose with dazed eyes and walked towards the door. There she turned unsteadily and said “Good afternoon” and that she thought we would n’t wait to see Tommy. In dignified silence she preceded me down the little brick path between the wallflowers and the hollyhocks, and I saw when we were out in the road again that her blue eyes were full of tears.

I was surprised, I must admit, because I was in such excellent spirits myself. Little as he deserved it, I could n’t help feeling pleased about Tommy. I considered her attitude very carefully before I spoke.

“But you *have* saved him, after all,” I said diplomatically, after a moment’s thought. “The Patchwork Lady was only your instrument. And now he’s safely saved and out of the way. Why, Primula—dear——”

“Don’t!” Her voice broke with a sob. “Not yet. It’s all so terribly sad.”

I stared at her. I shall never pretend to understand a woman again.

“Sad?” I asked blankly. “What is?”

“Everything,” she said in a tone of dignified sorrow. “What do you think his poor mother would say if she knew that he had come to this?”

And I—well, I really did n’t know.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA

By *Annie R. Ramsey*

WHEREAS, Dr. Woodrow Wilson is reported as saying that where women have the ballot very few of them vote; therefore,

Resolved, That we call attention to the fact that the Colorado Secretary of State says 80 per cent. of Colorado women register and about 72 per cent. vote, the Wyoming Secretary of State says 90 per cent. of the women in Wyoming vote, and the Chief Justice of Idaho and all the Justices of the State Supreme Court have signed a statement that the large vote cast by the women established the fact that they take a lively interest.

A T a recent meeting of the College Equal Suffrage League of Massachusetts, at which Radcliffe, Smith, Wellesley, and Boston University were represented, the foregoing resolution was adopted.

That the cause of Woman Suffrage has a large and constantly increasing number of staunch supporters among college women, there can be no doubt; yet other women—many of them prominent ones—have declared themselves unalterably opposed to it in principle and in practice. What will be the result of this interesting campaign which has been waging now for more than half a century?

History must be the basis of any prophecy as to the outcome of the demand for woman suffrage, and in rehearsing the story of the movement one is amused and surprised at the number of old prophecies met. They once stood like giants in the path and proclaimed themselves as the reasons against woman's appearance at the polls, and as the dire consequences thereof, but when boldly approached most of these giants will be found to be tame bugaboos or kindly, harmless old fellows who have gone sound to sleep in the midst of the din. Yet it is in combatting these old prophecies that we shall find the basis for the new.

As far back as the second of July, 1776, two days before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the State of New Jersey changed the wording of the enfranchisement clause of its Provincial Chart from, "Male free-holders worth fifty pounds," to, "*All inhabitants worth fifty pounds,*" thus giving the ballot to men and women alike.

So it can readily be seen that the inception of the Woman Suffrage movement in this country antedates the birth of the Republic.

It is true that in Colonial days, and under the laws of the time, there were very few women worth fifty pounds in their individual right, and those who were belonged to the aristocratic class. As a consequence, in their thirty-one years of voting they used their power oftenest in favor of the Federalist party. But democratic principles and ideas became more and more firmly rooted, whereupon the property qualification grew very unpopular. When in 1807 the Democratic party were victorious at the polls, a new law was enacted, by which only white males whose names were on the list of State or county as having paid a poll tax were allowed to vote, women and negroes being disenfranchised.

Many decades passed before any concerted movement was made to enfranchise women. In 1847, Lucy Stone, a graduate of Oberlin College, began the lectures she gave from coast to coast on the subject of Woman Suffrage, and from 1850 to 1861 conventions of women, derided, nicknamed, often over-zealous, and sometimes ridiculous, met annually and "agitated."

After the turmoil of the Civil War died away, the issue of Woman Suffrage was revived in several States, notably Kansas, but Wyoming was the first to enfranchise women, in 1869. Since then Colorado, Utah, and Idaho have followed its example, the women in those States possessing suffrage at all elections upon equal terms with men. In addition to these many States have granted partial suffrage to women.

It must be borne in mind that many hidden causes were working to this result quite as surely as the one open cause of the desire for justice. It would take too long to recite the gradual changes of the position of women in the industrial, business, and professional world, or to follow in detail the slow improvement of her legal status. By economic exigencies, by the introduction of luxury, by the invention of labor-saving machines, women have been forced forward and thus made more fit and more free to enter public life.

Therefore the army of suffragists has been largely recruited in the last fifteen years from the most intelligent and reflective part of the community.

When such a stage is reached in any movement founded on a plea whose abstract justice is admitted, it is certain that the end will soon be attained, and it is no particular foresight which prophesies that woman's suffrage will eventually be tried. When it comes the years of "agitation" will seem to have been as the rush of an express train, although so many workers have grown weary or died in the waiting for it.

With this commonplace but comprehensive prophecy there are four minor forecasts which will delay the day and alter its tendencies when it dawns, and the best way to present them is to cite the arguments the Antis have used for years.

The first of these is that women will not vote when they get the ballot, because the majority of women do not wish to vote. No, of course not! Who does want to vote just for the sake of voting? But give a woman something to vote about and she is not slow in doing it. Here are the facts: For thirty-nine years the proportion of women of Wyoming who voted has consistently increased. This proportion, as ascertained from actual inspection of voting lists, in three successive elections, was ninety per cent. of the resident women and eighty per cent. of the men. And instead of the number of male voters falling off in consequence of the voting of women, the male vote increased, and far exceeds the proportion of men voting in Massachusetts.

Whenever there has been a vital issue women have taken an active part. What woman does not wish to vote against the city "improvement" which lessens the value of her property, and does no good to any but the dishonest politician who proposed it? What woman would not vote on the questions of better water, better gas, better sanitation, on the conduct of the schools, the cleaning of the city's streets, the making and keeping of its laws of health, and its government by honest men?

The second prophecy is that once the poll habit is formed, the house and the children will be neglected. Yet it does not appear that a man neglects his shop or office in order to vote: why then should a woman take a different stand in regard to her business?—for assuredly home-keeping and child-training are the business of all women happy enough to possess a home and children.

This second prophecy is not borne out by the women of States possessing part or all of the franchise. Wyoming women are not distinguished for their poor domestic arrangements and their unhappy husbands and children, nor are those of the British colonies of New Zealand and Australia, which have fully enfranchised the women. Surely it is only fair to judge a principle by the success of experiments.

As a third prophecy, we are told that the effect of the ballot given to woman will be the degradation of her character.

Is it possible that thinking about politics is so degrading? How have men escaped contamination? Are reading and discussion upon themes and schemes of *good* government so pernicious that no woman can approach them and retire unsoiled? What we say among ourselves and in our homes might surely be said on a slip of paper with as little harm to our morals.

Do the prophets mean that going to the polls on election day is not merely disagreeable, but degrading? It has been claimed that the

coming of women to the polls has improved the condition thereof, and that now, with the Australian ballot in use, there is little that is disagreeable in the process of voting.

The prophecy may be founded on the fact that voters are not exempt from military and jury duty. Priests—who do not even give sons to the State—are practically so exempt; and doctors rarely sit on a jury. And women to-day follow the drum as nurses quite as faithfully and fearlessly as their brothers, the chaplain and the doctor.

The fourth argument—perhaps the truest and most to be dreaded—is that when suffrage is granted to women the flood-gates of ignorance and folly are opened; that the vast majority of women are uninformed, and not informable, on political subjects; that they cannot be taught to think both clearly and largely, that they will be the followers of the most successful intriguer and ward “heeler.” So they may, for a time, and I would respectfully submit that in these things they would closely imitate the men they know best, and each class of society would but enlarge its ranks. Very little else could be looked for at first if every woman fit or unfit rushed to the polls; but the mass of women is being slowly educated. The subject of this education and uplifting has been one that for thirty-five years has engaged the energies and occupied the thought of earnest women at the top of the social scale, and the result must tell in future generations. It is only sane to judge the future from the past when trying to forecast the fate of a movement which for more than three generations has been rolling up an ever-increasing snow ball of reasons and concessions.

There is hope in the fact that responsibility educates. Intelligent women can see no reason why the vote should be denied them any more than it is denied intelligent men because there are some of each sex who are unworthy and unfit. Most earnest thinkers, to-day, believe in an educational qualification, and this applied to men and women alike would help the whole body politic.

This is not a plea but a prophecy, and I cannot more forcibly remind you of this than by a condensation of the old prophecies with their refutation into the form of a recapitulation.

1. Woman's suffrage will be tried; perhaps not soon, but in no very distant time.
2. It will not destroy the home, and woman's work therein.
3. It will not degrade woman, or produce any very great change in her character.
4. It will not fail because of woman's indifference.
5. It will not overwhelm our present government by a great tide of crude and ill-considered opinion. It is far more likely, for a while at least, to bring strength to reform and life-blood to vital issues.

THE LEPER VALLEY

By Will Levington Comfort

I.

THIS is a tale of victory, and the victory was Robson's. He was a small man, with a strangely unattractive face, but he had a strong and sizable heart. Robson was so poor that he could cater to none but his mental appetites; consequently there had grown upon him a habit of repressing the physical man. All in all, nothing better can happen to a full-gifted male than to pass through a seven years' war with poverty. It makes his flesh firm and white, his brain fine and sensitive; it toughens his mouth, so to speak, so that no drunken Fate can craze him afterward with a curb; and, in a man like Robson, it fosters an innocence, the adornment of seers and children, which preserves the manner of integrity throughout the inevitable disclosures of the years. He was a preacher in embryo and twenty-four years old when he beheld the star of his manhood.

Robson was walking very slowly through the brilliant afternoon and the crowds of the city street. A large, dry book was pressed tightly between his ribs and elbow. The sun drew out the shine and the underlying green from the tightly-buttoned black coat which had lived with him through the college course now nearly ended. His head was slightly bowed. His brain was moving in coolness and rhythm. A tall young woman passed by him, walking with ease, but swiftly.

She did not touch him. He did not recall even that there was any fragrance from her garments. Orientals would explain that their auras mingled for the instant, the meaning of which is adequately covered in five thousand ancient volumes, largely Sanscrit. The fact is that as Robson glimpsed the stranger's profile all that was big and untried in him fell into slavery. Furthermore, the sleeping giant within the young ascetic broke his enchantment. The man followed the woman.

Only vaguely in the next half-hour was he conscious of departure from the pristinity of his life-purpose, so deeply was he tranced in the single aim of being near her. The stores had given way to stately residences and dusk was beginning, when she felt his presence and looked back. As a bird-dog comes to a point, his body turned rigid, so that what might have been a mere suspicion on her part became a certainty. She quickened her steps and presently entered one of the homes of lesser

impressiveness. The shades were quickly drawn in the lower front windows.

A smothering solitude crept over Robson; and in his stress, he took chances which no world-wise beau would have dared, to learn her name and her church. It was not that the form of religion entered into the romance, but before the street-door closed upon her, the inner giant had demanded to see her again and pointed out this way. He found the house of worship; dreamed awhile in the portico her form was wont to darken; meditated upon the stones which held the mystery of her tread, and all the time an incandescent street-lamp on the corner fizzed and sizzled in a shining cloud of insects. At last, before her house on the way back, he offered up in the darkness the eternal homage of his heart, a pure and a vast thing, the hidden treasure of which many a sorrowing woman dreams.

The long walk back to his own lodging left no impress upon Robson's brain. Until the following Sunday, he merely breathed and dredged into his books. . . . He was in the church before her, but did not need to turn to know when she entered, for he felt again the psychic arousing. Then sounds went from him, and in his eyes nothing manifested but the girlish shoulders and the light waving hair—an ineffable fragment.

In the singing, she turned about slowly, found him, held him, held his heart still. The hundredth man would have called her very beautiful. Her look was slow, but marvellously intent, without scorn or fear or hate. It was as if the strange girl divined the whiteness of his character and put him apart in her mind from the menaces whose eyes thread the city streets. Again and yet again he came. Always, she ventured a glance at him. He was made acquainted with the rector and others, and might have met her in the usual way, but something deep forbade him to seek this boon. It was not timidity alone; rather, it was all so exquisite to him that the thought of the commonplace of a third coming between was harsh enough to prevent.

Robson asked so little. The Sunday hour renewed his inner life. He became a larger and more vital creature than the pale master of self-denial who had led his class earlier in the semester. Indeed, he had fallen into a heritage of visions. His mind came to know wonderful moments of responsiveness to the rhythm of silence. He was led to the eternal fountain of the mystics whose name is Solitude. In the giant sweep between humility and exaltation, something within the man hearkened to strange, far harmonies.

His student days were ended in honor. It was the last Sunday in June, his last Sunday in the city. The thought had grown into the point of action—that she was brave enough to walk and talk with him, if he asked her. She had come alone, and her manner was restless toward the end of the service. There was no time to speak, since she

hastened past him on the way out, but with a glance that caused him to shudder lest he misinterpret the significance. In the street she turned in the direction opposite from her house. Robson dared to follow. Far ahead of the others, she halted at last and waited for him to overtake her. To Robson it was the moment of ages.

"I thought—you wanted to speak with me," she faltered.

"Yes."

"And why—please?"

"Because you have made me think such wonderful things."

"Oh, tell me."

Robson hesitated. "It is strange," he said softly. "I don't know if I can quite tell you, unless it is to say that you have opened—all that I have in the way of a treasure-room."

She smiled a little and explained: "I felt that I could not bear it any longer—not to know what you mean. You see, I was n't afraid of you, except a little—at first. And now please tell me about yourself and about the wonderful things—I have unlocked."

Robson told her how he had studied, told her cheerfully how poor he was and something of the dreams which had come to him, since she had passed him on the crowded street—dreams of a valiant work, a perfect sacrifice—with her to come to when his head was bowed with pain. His brain had put off all hamperings and moved with nimbleness and accuracy, its productions falling nicely turned and colored from his tongue.

"I have never raised my eyes to a woman but you," he said in a low voice of devotion, "and you complete me. You give me the zeal to lift empires."

Her heart beat tumultuously. It was all heart-truth to her. She had brought out the values of the man, which was sweet realization. And something had gone from her to work this miracle, something for which there was no word yet, but she missed it now. The blood left her lips and the truth was tight about her heart, but she did not have time to speak before he said:

"It is wonderful to me that you gave me this chance to speak. I meant to ask you for this walk. Next Sunday, I think, will be my last in the city, and I am to have the pulpit in a North-end mission. I dared to think that—you might come."

She answered eagerly: "Yes, I will come. And is there a chance for you being asked to stay there?"

"No, it is just a courtesy which one of the professors secured for me. Where my real work shall begin—I cannot tell yet. And since—since I have known you, the thought of a little church-home to begin with and a steady rise to larger spheres—has lost all its savor. I want to do something great, something terribly hard, and do it cleanly—with-

out a cry. I want to show you the strength you have given me and make you glad."

She stopped and faced him, her hand falling lightly upon his sleeve: "It may not make any difference—I don't want it to—but I must tell you, Mr. Robson, that I am engaged to be married."

He drew back from her. His face, slightly uplifted toward the sun, lost its light and strength and color in the gray of death, as dawn-gray wipes out the beauty and character of constellations. His lips moved, but no sound came. He tried to smile, but it hurt her like a whip.

"Oh, I pity you so, but I had to tell you," she said brokenly. "I wanted to be a help to you, if I could not be a wife!"

He conquered the lines of his mouth before words came. "Believe me, Edloe," he whispered, "until to-day—sleeping and waking—I have crushed out of my mind the thought of being married to you. It was too high a hope for me, and it seemed like defiling a pure sanctuary—until I had come into your life. But to-day—to-day the woman of you—crept into the very heart of me! . . . Please forgive me for saying that. I shall not wound you again!"

By common impulse they had turned back and the church was but a little way before them. Words came fitfully.

"It will not harm—that I love you," he whispered suddenly. "It must not, because to change that is beyond all the powers of me. But I shall go away. I shall do that cleanly and without a cry. Only—only you will not come to the mission next Sunday?"

She saw the fury of his battle in the clenched fingers and the thin white lines of his lips. She was fascinated, but wounded to the heart.

"Don't you want me to come?" she asked pitifully.

"All my work is for you," he answered, and his strange, ardent face bent forward, "but I was thinking that the first audience might take my fighting strength."

She held out her hand with a brave smile. "I must go now, Mr. Robson. I want you to think wonderful things, and I shall always believe that you are doing wonderful work."

He spoke, released her hand, and turned away, but the mental martyrdom she had read in his eyes at the last almost made her cry aloud his name. He was striding away at terrific speed when her brain unfolded his last words:

"Across the world—you shall feel my blessing night and morning—my Fulfilment!"

In the shade of a vast-limbed elm, by the side of the little mission in the North-end, Edloe stood the next Sunday morning. She dared not look for his face, lest he see her, but she heard his voice, his words. . . . Robson was bigger and finer than she had dreamed. . . .

There came a moment toward the end when her control would have broken had she listened longer. The whisper came from her heart of hearts as she sped away:

"How should he know that I have a great and terrible thing to do and that I must do it—cleanly and without a cry?"

II.

THE Pacific liner, *Manchu*, had touched Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagasaki on her way out, and was crossing the lower edge of the Yellow Sea for Shanghai. It was evening and summer, and a tropic breeze came over the moon-flecked water from the spicy archipelagoes below. Mrs. Crane sat forward on the promenade-deck, alone and restlessly eager, believing that she was close to her journey's end. It was a strange journey, but the biggest thing her life had brought her to do—her key-stone venture. There had been an eight-year hiatus since the awakened Robson had fled from her in the thrall of ardor and agony.

Marvellously, the young preacher had complicated her life. She had held to the earlier romance, because it was her way to hold, but Robson had dulled the flavor of it; and from the same personality, in memory, had emanated a high-light which shone upon the sorrowful limitations of her wifehood. That one hour with the pale dreamer had implanted in her rich mind perennial emotions, pure white blossoms of devotion, and—in all honor she could not deny—rare brief flowerings of passionate crimson.

Then, in the zenith of her womanhood, emancipation had come, and across the world she had started to find her soul's mate. Her first and her last duties behind were well done. Her conscience was unwhipped; the most arbitrary conventionalities observed. In the keen, wise eye of the world, Mrs. Crane had departed flawless—and desirable.

In the year of freedom, before she set out on her journey, the woman had been unable to communicate with Robson, because he was severed from his church and without address. There was little of tenuity or of basic value in the varied reports which had come to her, but the tales united in the single item that he was back in China—if he still lived. His itinerary, covering the years, had begun with a mission to India as a light-bearer under the auspices of his denomination. There, it was vaguely reported that his mind had undergone some mysterious transformation which caused his expulsion from the church; also that he had journeyed up into the Himalayas with a Hindoo lama. After years, an outcast from his countrymen, Robson was said to have descended from the roof of the world and been seen by white men in the heart of China.

Mrs. Crane stepped ashore from the river-launch in Shanghai and made her way at once to a religious-book concern. The vast floor was

roomy and darkened for coolness, since the noon-hour was near. The orient had dulled the dollar zeal of the establishment and broken the lashing haste of things. It was an hour before one of reckonable authority came in—a rotund American of ripe age and short breath. He sat down before her, panting.

"Robson—Robson?" he repeated jerkily. "You can't mean, madam, the heretical young person who made trouble for us in India?"

"I think possibly—that is the man."

"Bless you, no, we have no authoritative word of his whereabouts. You see, officially, he is dead to us—so to speak."

"You have made that quite clear to me."

He held his breath until he reddened, before answering: "I might add that the entire connection to which he once belonged has been forced to doubt his sanity."

She could scarcely breathe in the old man's presence, but managed to say, "You spoke as if you might have some unofficial word—of him—"

"Let me see," he replied, with maddening deliberation: "the *North China News* published here had word of him a few months ago. Ah, yes, it was in April. I was resting in Japan, and the paper was mailed to me."

Mrs. Crane arose. "Then I can find it in the files," she said swiftly. "The office is——"

"In Hankow road. I shall send a Chinese boy to direct you."

She thanked him almost incoherently, and the head of the book concern was left with a problem to mystify many sleepy, sultry days. . . . Twenty minutes later, at the offices of the *North China News*, a native in immaculate garb handed her the files of April, and one by one, with an aching heart, she turned the sheets, huge as luncheon-covers. It was found at last, an article from the Tien-shankwan correspondent, rock-tight and bitter with a Dead Sea bitterness. The story recalled Robson's desertion in India for the faith of the idolaters; discussed the phases of his insanity and proclaimed that the news of the whole matter was imbedded in the fact that Robson had been seen again with the old lama by British traders far in from Tien-shankwan. He seemed to be starving, the column stated, but asked no alms. His feet were bare and travel-bruised, and his clothing was a motley of Hindoo, Chinese, and European garments. Again his sanity was brought severely into question by the herald in Tien-shankwan. Ill from the pressure of the whole dead East, quivering from the torture of the prints, the woman swayed from the newspaper office into the strange road, thick and yellow with heat.

She engaged passage in a coasting-steamer for Tongu the next day, and on the morning of the third day thereafter boarded the Pekin-

Tienschankwan Express on the *Chinese Eastern*. Alone in the first-class compartment, she watched the snaky furrows of maize throughout seven eternities of daylight, until her eyes stung and her brain revolted at the desolate, fenceless levels of sun-deadened brown. Out of a pent and restless sleep, at last, she found that a twilight film had cooled the distance; and she beheld the sea on her right hand, and before her the Great Wall—that gray welt on the Eastern world, ancient when Christ came, rising into the dim mountains and jutting down into the sea. In an inexplicable moment of mental abstraction, as the train drew up in Tienschankwan, the soul of the weary woman whispered to her that she had seen it all before.

At the Rest House, Mrs. Crane found the correspondent of the *North China News*. He was an unlovely Englishman of pegs and chits, poisoned by China and drink. . . . Oh, yes, he remembered the "renegade missionary. Good story, that." Yes, the man Robson was heard of from time to time, but never seen, since the Chinese kept him hid. Possibly dead; certainly mad.

"I have commissioned the traders to find out more about Robson for a further story, and, oh, yes, by Jove!" the voluble one added, with a trace of long-forgotten spirit, "that reminds me: a boy with the traders did bring in a story. The renegade is in the leper colony at Sungkiang. No foreigners ever go there. Even the traders themselves stop at Langcheng, three leagues this side of the leper colony."

Mrs. Crane stepped back from the creature before her, whom she hated too deeply to allow him to witness the crush of his words. "When does the next party of traders set out in the direction of Sungkiang?" she questioned.

"In two or three days. You don't mean to try to accompany them?" he asked with a cub's bluntness.

The woman did not answer. The countenance before her assumed an aroused look. "It will be hard—possibly perilous—for a lady! Robson is one of them. He would n't be in the colony if he had n't got it."

She fled to her room. By the wide open window she sat for hours, staring at the Great Wall in the moonlight. She saw it climb through the white sheen which lay upon the mountains, and saw it dip into the twinkling sea, like a monster that had crawled down to drink. Tienschankwan was as still as the depths of ocean. The whole landscape was as real and as intimately hateful, as if this had been her country, as if she had been one of the Mongol builders in a past life and had been murdered by the lash and the toil.

The purest substance of tragedy had evolved in her brain. Across the years, across the world, he had sent imperious thought-forms calling for her. So mighty had these been that all barriers were destroyed, and

she, in the supremacy of her womanhood, had found herself free to seek him. . . . Was it all a girl's dream? Had powers of evil consummated a heinous mockery to test her soul, because her soul was strong? . . . She could bear it if he were a leper, but if his mind had gone back to the dust——

The pictured thought drew forth a stifled scream. The lamp in her room was turned low, and the still, windless night was a pitiless haunt. Crossing the room to open the door, in agony for air, she passed the mirror and saw a dim reflection—white arms, white throat, white face. She turned the knob.

The clink of glasses on a tin tray reached her from below with the soft tread of a native servant; then farther the click of billiard-balls, and a man's voice, low but insinuating, its very repression an added vileness:

"Damme, but she's a splendid woman—and out after that gone-wrong missionary——"

She crashed the door shut and bolted it against the pestilence which suddenly filled the hall. . . . In shame and terror, she knelt again by the open window. The Wall was still there, sleeping in the moonlight. It steadied her and something of that which had kindled the soul of Robeson—the stuff of martyrs—came back.

III.

AMONG the British traders journeying in to Langcheng was the Boy, and the woman's heart went out to him, for there was cleanness in his gray eyes, and you could not think of taint and look at his cheeks, still ruddy under the tan. As they mounted, he searched her face with the guilelessness of a child and the valor of a man. He rode beside her, and the air she breathed was pure. The traders, too, were brave men and respectful, for life in the open had held them sweet from the curse of Asia.

Of course the saddle was torture to her, a cumulative torture with the hours, but it was only physical, and night bore down with the sleep of healing, from the twilight of evening to the twilight of dawn. Strange huts she slept in, and they left scarcely a memory. The journey melted into a strange composite of cool mountain winds; brief, warm showers which released the fragrance of the valleys; humans in dim doors and upon the highways, held, as she passed, in tableaux of freezing horror; suffering, sunlight, sleep. And always Mother China unfolded greater vistas of hills, fields, huts, and glowering yellow faces; always the Great Gray Wall arose and descended on the right of them, and always the Boy smiled and served.

So ages passed, but the traders said it was the fourth day. They would reach Langcheng in the evening—Langcheng, the end of the

traders' route, and three leagues from the leper colony of Sungkiang! . . . Dusk of the last night of her journey, and sleep stood afar off from her, like a horse that had tasted freedom and loved it better than threshed grain. Langcheng, by the yellow river; the Wall in a waning moon! Her senses were startled by the vast, unheard-of city, with its tens of thousands who knew no other place, moving to and fro in formless shadows, in utter blackness, in the red-lights of the shops. She knew now what the men meant when they talked of the smell of China. . . . She saw a maiden carried to her lover on the shoulders of a giant. The feet of the maiden were like thimbles, her face white in the moonlight, and her eyes like pearls.

Then, one by one, at last the lights went out; the sounds ceased and the fetid warrens became inscrutable mysteries, not like Earth at all, but like a nether plane. Only the Boy was real and beautiful to her, sleeping still as a babe across her doorway. He kept her brain from devouring itself with images of Sungkiang, her lover and the animate dead. Once, in the last assault of the hours, she groped for the Boy's hand, lest she scream. Eagerly but gently his fingers closed upon her own.

"You must go with me to-morrow to Sungkiang," she whispered.

"Yes, of course I will go with you," he answered. "You need not be afraid. This is the sleepest part of China. Any way, I would take care of you."

In the dawn, she kissed the Boy's forehead, so lightly that he did not wake—the Boy who would take care of her against Asia.

In mid-afternoon, their native guide paused at the verge of a steep declivity, and pointed down into a radiant hollow, evenly rimmed by the mountains on every side. A lake gleamed in the bottom of this finger-bowl of the gods, and moist tropical perfumes were borne softly upward with a far sound of bells—faint as the tinkle of water falling upon thin metal. And bold in the heights to the right, the sunlight played upon a rectangle of the Wall.

"Pay the native and we will lead the horses down," said the Boy. "Sungkiang is below."

"But are you not afraid?" she asked huskily, dropping a handful of taels into the palms of the guide.

"No, if it was catching, I'd have got it long ago. China's full of it," he responded manfully.

And together they went down into the fragrance. She could feel her heart; she could feel her soul. Yet, three nights of perfect sleep had steeled her for the last; and, too, the enchanting beauty of this delve in the world sustained. . . . It was like a child laughing alone in paradise—that sound of the bells in the vast silence.

The thatches below were trimmed and even. There were spaces

between them, and from the heights, these spaces had the clean look of a brown polished floor. There was depth and purity in the green of the lake, and the little temple, in the midst of its gardens, was white as Truth.

They were in a swept and shaded village. The woman was walking swiftly toward the temple, her lips parted, her eyes feverishly bright. The huts seemed deserted, save for those who could not leave. The Boy glanced curiously into the doorways, but the woman saw nothing but the temple gate.

A voice reached her at last, the voice that had echoed through her inner consciousness since the summer morning when she stood outside the mission window. . . . His back was toward her; the people whom she did not see, save as a factor of the scene, were upon the earth before him, and he was intoning in their own tongue. Swiftly she ran now.

His hand was raised in the sunlight. It was slender, nervously responsive to his emotion—but whole, whole! A little way off, she halted, inspired by a glimpse of his profile. . . . It was the face of the man who had climbed to the roof of the world, lived through ice and flame; it was sun-darkened, storm-bitten, gaunt from suffering under the irons of self-repression, mystical in its manifestation of a cosmos within. It was the face of an exile who has felt the hate of man, the love of woman, and the presence of God. And it was whole, *whole*.

He turned suddenly, and she held out her arms. His face went back to his people with the lines of death upon it. He dismissed them and stood with head bowed as they went their way toward the gate. Then, when the temple court was empty, he turned his face toward her again, doubting his eyes and his reason. It was the look of a man who feels that he is rallying the forces of his brain a last time.

"It is I—Edloe," she told him pleadingly. His garments were pure white, and he was like unto a god in her eyes through the power of self-mastery which was graven in the lines of his face. He approached, timidly touched her wrist, drew his fingers slowly down until she locked them in her own.

"If you want me," she faltered, "I have come to stay and help you——"

For the first time, he spoke to her: "I could not believe at once—so much of my days were dreams of you—that you, the woman, had come, and not a vision." His voice quickened suddenly: "But, my dearest in life, this is a leper colony!"

"Do you think I did not know that when I came?" she demanded. "Do you think I care for that?"

His eyes turned to earth. "But you are so beautiful," he whispered. "Blessing your name, I have been through all. It means nothing to me that my end should come like my people's here. I have given the

rest of my life to them—to Sungkiang—but you, *you*, are so beautiful.

. . . This is a man's work——”

“And a woman's,” she added.

“Until the end——”

“Until the end—cleanly and without a cry,” she finished.

In the fulness of his strength, the man resisted a last time. “Edloe,” he said steadily, “there is no name for my love which bids you go back—now!”

The woman broke down. “I only want this valley—and you,” she said unsteadily. “Did I not seek you over the world? Please don't make me go away. . . . I want to stay, because I am very weary, and I thought that this was the end of my journey.”

Whispering, he led her into the temple gardens at the edge of the lake. The water was glorified in the sunset, and by the stones of his doorway the drowsy lilies drank the last rays. Magicians of ancient and wondrous patience had conserved the verdure and mastered the flowerings. There were none but flawless leaves and none but classic blooms. The pebbles on the shore had been touched into mosaics, and the vines which fixed the coolness in the stones of his dwelling had seemingly been guided unto perfection by fingers in the night. Out of love his people served him; out of love they had charmed a fountain from the ground near his doorway; placed sounding-shells to lure music from the dropping water, and forced Emperor roses lavishly to arise and shelter and perfume his bathing-place.

“All these things my people have done for me, Edloe,” he said, “and I asked, when I came, only to share a hut with the least of them.”

In the arborescent doorway, he stepped aside and bowed her entrance. Undiscernible and far within, a figure moved to and fro without sound. At last the woman remembered and turned her eyes back. The Boy had waited afar off by the edge of the lake. She called to him, saying that here was food and resting-place for the night. The Boy replied that the guide was waiting; that the traders would start back from Langcheng in the morning; and that, if all was well with the lady, he would go up the trail.

“Yes, it is well with me, my Knight of Asia,” she said softly, drawing him closer. “And because I am rich, I want you to take this——”

He stepped back quickly, but she caught him and changed the purse of gold warm from her breast to his hand.

“And this,” she said laughingly, as she kissed his cheek, “my blessing, too!”

Later, for an instant on the up-trail, she saw him, leading his horse; and still above, the Wall rimmed the world and caught the last touch of day.

With a heart that was singing, she turned back to her home in the

gardens of the temple, and a marvellous voice came out of the deepening twilight:

"My Fulfilment!"

Afterward, when the candles blazed, the figure came forth from the dwelling, the figure of the Hindoo, so ancient and withered that his standing alone was a miracle.

"Beloved," said Robson, "this is our teacher, our priest."

And then in the great sweetness which overcame the range of time, they listened to the music of the fountain in the pure ardor of the lilies.

On the summit, the Boy stared down at the lights which pricked the darkness, stared down into the Silence which brooded upon the Leper Valley.



A BALLAD OF GALWAY

BY ETHNA CARBERY

THE market-place is all astir,
The sombre streets are gay,
And lo! a stately galleon
Lies anchored in the bay.
The colleens shy and sturdy lads
Are swiftly trooping down
To greet the Spanish sailors
On the quay of the Galway Town.

But Nora—golden Nora—
What matters it to you?
There's joy—long time a stranger—
In your gentle eyes of blue;
And wherefor deck your ringlets
And don your silken gown
For a crew of Spanish sailors
That stroll through Galway Town?

Said Nora—golden Nora—
And her laughter held a tear,
"I don my silk and laces
Because my love is near.
Among the Spanish crew is one
Should wear a kingly crown,
Although he walks a landless man
To-day through Galway Town.

"Look forth! See yond, his dusky head
Tower high above the throng.
Oh, brave is he, and true is he,
And so my lips have song;
For he's no Spanish sailor,
Though he wears the jerkin brown;
But he's Murrough Og O'Flaherty
Come back to Galway Town.

"He fought in Spain's red sieges,
And holds a Captain's place.
Ah, would his arm were raised to strike
In battles of his race!
But his boyhood saw with bitter grief
Iar-Connacht lose renown,
When the Saxon crushed his valiant clan
In the streets of Galway Town.

"To-night will be our wedding,
With a holy priest to bless;
Shall we remember Cromwell's law
Amid such happiness?
While my true love's arm is round me,
Should they come with fighting frown,
His sword shall cleave a pathway
For his bride through Galway Town."

Then up the street stepped Murrough,
And down stepped Nora *Ban*.
Had ever sailor fairer love—
Sweet, sweet as summer dawn?
Their glad lips clung together—
"Such bliss old grief must drown.
God guard the faithful lovers,"
Prayed we in Galway Town.

Oh, far across the water
The good ship's speeding now,
And Murrough Og O'Flaherty
Stands tall beside the prow;
And Nora—golden Nora—
A bride in silken gown—
Hath sailed away forever
From her kin in Galway Town.

FUDGE

By Clifford Howard

WHEN Mrs. Deggs pressed the box of fudge into my hands I said, "Thank you." I always say, "Thank you," when anybody gives me anything. It is a habit that was spanked into me while I was yet quite a child. Once, when I was about ten years old, my Aunt Rebecca gave me a slap on the ear and said, "Take that, now!" and I said, "Thank you."

So it was with Mrs. Deggs's gift; I accepted it, not because I wanted it, but because of my polite weakness. In the first place, I don't like fudge—it makes me sick; and in the second place, I don't like it done up in a shoe-box. This was quite a big shoe-box. It was labelled "Calf, 9½ D," and I judge it held about six pounds of this washy sweetness.

To be sure, Mrs. Deggs meant well. She was prompted by a kindly desire to repay me in a small way for my influence in securing a position for her son Ham in the street-cleaning department. I once asked her how she had come to give her boy such a name as that, and she told me that his real name was Hammond. Poor Ham! He will always be suggestive of the lunch-counter, whichever way you look at him. When I called on the commissioner at the City Hall and told him I had come to see him about Hammond Deggs he seemed a trifle surprised, but said he would be pleased to do what he could for me, as he was himself quite partial to ham and eggs.

I was very glad to be able to help the old lady and her Hammy, but I should have been better pleased had she not thought it necessary to go to the trouble and expense of making me a shoe-boxful of fudge. I could n't hurt her feelings by declining it, nor did I like to suggest that if I was expected to tote that box home in broad daylight I should prefer to have it wrapped up. So I merely put on a smile of lively pleasure and said, "This is most kind of you, I am sure. And did you make it yourself?"

She said, "Why, yes, of course; and I made it especially for you. You like fudge, don't you?"

I said, "Indeed I do."

I always tell such bald-headed lies when I am driven into the field of gallantry. Of course I should have replied, "How can there be any

question about my liking what you have made, Mrs. Deggs?" Unfortunately, however, I can never kindle these dainty prevarications at the proper moment. The only time I was ever inspired to give utterance to a sentiment overreaching the commonplace was when somebody's grandmother apologized for stepping on my toe and I said, "Pray don't mention it, madam; sweets to the sweet, you know."

Mrs. Deggs tied the box with a heavy cord. It looked like awning-rope, and I think it was made up of three or four lengths fastened together. At any rate, it was uncommonly knotty. I tried to forget to take the box with me as I was leaving; but Mrs. Deggs would n't let me. She said, "Dear me! you must n't go without your fudge!" and I gave a little jump of surprise and said, "Well, I should say not!" And accordingly I started homeward with this unsightly cargo of home-made confectionery attached to me.

I am not what you would call a proud man. I don't mind, on occasion, carrying home a modest package or even a basket of grapes or something of that sort. Once I carried home a watermelon. But when it comes to a naked shoe-box, and a shoe-box of abnormal dimensions, I can't but feel that my dignity is sore pressed, and particularly so when I happen to be attired in my formal afternoon apparel, including a cane.

It was useless to attempt to conceal the box anywhere about my person. The best I could do, after a painful effort to button my coat over it, was to tuck it lengthwise under my left arm and press it hard against my ribs. To be sure, this gave me a decidedly stiff, not to say paralytic, appearance, and I believe it did n't do the candy any good.

However, I determined to get away from the candy as soon as I was safely out of Mrs. Deggs's affectionate sight. So, when I got to the end of the block I casually dropped the box down the basement stairway of somebody's house. I think this would have been all right if there had not been an idle colored woman in the basement, looking out of the window. In view of the fact that I walked on quite unconcernedly as the shoe-box clattered down the iron steps, she probably thought I was losing it and did n't know it. At any rate, by the time I was around the corner she came puffing after me with the shoe-box.

"Hi, mistah!" she shouted. "You done drapped yo' shoes!"

If there had not been a policeman sauntering down the street, I think I should have run. At least, I should have disputed the ownership of the box. As it was, however, I took back the box without undue parley; merely asking the black scullion if she was sure it was I who had dropped it. She said, "'Deed I is, boss. I done seed you drap 'em; an' 'tain't ebry pusson would take de trouble to fotch 'em back; 'deed, dat's de trufe; 'specially when dey's got a ole man home wot

kin wear 'most any size shoe. I'm got a misery in de back, too, an' dose am pow'ful heavy shoes to run wif, dey sure is."

I gave her the dime she was bidding for and walked on.

This time I carried the box lengthwise, by its cord, and allowed it to swing carelessly by my side, as though I did n't think about it, meanwhile casting about for a place to forsake it. But there were too many persons on the street and the package was too amazingly big and suggestive to be chucked quietly to one side, *en passant*, without exciting comment. At one place I drew up to a fence and looked over into the garden on the other side. It was overgrown with rose-bushes and honeysuckle, and I thought this would be an ideal spot to unload. But no sooner had I stopped, under a pretense of enjoying a view of the garden, than three or four other men came up to the fence and looked over, too, and an old gentleman passing by held up his cane and said to us, "Don't you pick 'em; don't you pick 'em!"

So I turned away and incidentally allowed the box to fall into a barberry bush outside the fence. Three boys and a bill-poster and two ladies saw me do it; otherwise, I believe I should have got away. The bill-poster and the two ladies held me up, while the three boys plunged into the barberry bush and fought for the honor of restoring the box to me. They did not ask for any reward, but as they had acted in good faith and had all scratched themselves to the point of crying, I handed them each a dime in return for the box. However, if the ladies had not been present, I am afraid I should have kicked them.

I am naturally nervous and quick-spirited, and all this was very disturbing. To be afflicted with a half-peck of unmarketable fudge is trouble enough, without the mortification of advertising its uncivilized envelope. Indeed, I could not help feeling greatly discouraged.

A little farther on, however, my prospects brightened. I came to an alley. Never before had a dirty alley appeared so balmy. I slid into it with the accustomed grace of a slop-man and beheld at once a back-yard gate standing partly open. What more could I ask? I went up to the gate and peeped in. The first thing I saw—in fact, the only thing I saw—was a dog. It was a bow-legged dog, with the most distressing face I have ever seen on any domestic animal. I said, "Come here, Fido," and I think that is where I made my mistake. I don't believe that that kind of a dog is ever named Fido. Anyhow, he would n't let me put my fudge in the yard. In fact, he would n't let me put it anywhere. He bade me go back where I came from; which I did, without wasting any time or any remarks about it.

Then it occurred to me to give the box away. Perhaps, I thought, somebody might be very glad of a load of fudge. So, when I came upon a couple of painters in smeary overalls raising a ladder against the side of a house, I stopped and casually inquired if they ever indulged

in confections. One of them said, "I don't know what you're talking about, brother;" and the other one said, "Yank her up about a foot more, Jake;" and then, after tying the rope, they both went clambering up the ladder without paying any further attention to me.

I judged from this that I had not been altogether tactful. It occurred to me, also, that it was a mistake to offer candy in this off-hand fashion to adults, especially strange adults. Accordingly, I crossed over the street to where some boys and girls were jumping about on the sidewalk.

I sauntered up to them and said, "Hello! Playing hopscotch, are you?"

They all stopped and looked at me. Only one of them—a little girl—seemed to have any manners, and she said, "No, ma'm; it's hop-skip-and-a-jump."

I said, "Is that so? Well, well." Then, smiling like a Santa Claus, I held out the shoe-box. "Here," I said, "is a lot of nice candy for you all."

Evidently these children were not accustomed to getting candy by the box. A couple of peppermint sticks or a bag of gumdrops would probably have proved more home-like and inviting. At all events, this six-pound offering did not seem to appeal to them. It may have been the shoe-box that scared them. I don't know. They certainly did not take to it very cheerfully. In fact, they did n't take to it at all. As I advanced with it they all backed off, and one little fellow ran into the house.

Then the tallest boy of the group, his cheeks spattered with freckles, doubled up his fists and growled at me. I said, "See here, my boy, what's the matter with you? This is fudge—candy—nice, home-made candy—a whole boxful. Don't you want it?"

He gave his mouth a stretch to one side and said, "Aw, go on with your old fudge! You're crazy!"

I let him know that that was not the way to talk to a gentleman, and in return I was told to go chase myself; whereupon, probably fearing that I was going to throw the box at them, the whole crowd of youngsters scampered off.

This decided me to get on a car and go home with my fudge. I could give it to my mother, or feed it to the chickens, perhaps. I had walked these three blocks in the hope of losing it before boarding an avenue car, with its fashionable afternoon traffic; but it seemed to me now that it would be more wholesome to swallow my pride on a street-car than to be making a spectacle of myself on the open highway.

I was fortunate in getting aboard with a number of others, so that I did not attract any special attention; and when I took my seat I managed to hide the box pretty well by placing it close beside me. I

thought once of letting it fall out of the window, but the sash back of me was closed, and I did not venture to open it for fear of stirring up attention. Then, after a little while, a large man got in and came and sat down on the box. I did not see him in time to get it out of his way. The bursting of the lid made quite a noise and aroused general interest. The man was extremely apologetic as I pulled the deformed box from under him, and he said he hoped he had not hurt the shoes any.

I said, "Oh, that's all right! Have a piece;" and I tried to lift up a corner of the cracked lid.

He said, "No, thanks," and went out and stood with the conductor.

I retied the box into shape and found that it was not so badly damaged as it sounded. I held it on my lap, and everybody looked at it. If the passengers had laughed or even smiled a little, I should have felt comparatively easy. But they did n't. They were not that kind. They sat bolt upright, as serious as a congress of tobacco signs, and kept very quiet. I could feel them staring haughtily at the box and then at my feet. Nobody said a word, but the atmosphere was charged with contempt and frigid indifference. In return, I endeavored to assume an attitude of lofty *sang-froid* by drumming lightly on the box with my fingers.

Casting about for some means of relieving my embarrassment, I discovered that there was space under the seat, and after a moment or two I stowed the box down there, out of sight. It was evidently the right thing to do, for the passengers stopped looking at me and I quickly regained my composure.

When I got off I left the box behind. Only one man in the car noticed it, and he came after me with the box. He was a dilapidated, trampish-looking fellow, with a sad eye and a rubber collar, and when he caught up with me half way down the block he said, "Say, cap, if you don't want these here shoes would you mind passin' 'em on to a poor man? I seen you did n't take much 'count of 'em, and I thought mebbe they was old ones and you was goin' to chuck 'em away anyhow. 'Tain't nothin' to me if they is wore out some. When a feller's down on his luck, anything does, d'ye see?"

I said, "Keep the box if you like; it's all the same to me;" and I fished into my pocket and handed him a quarter.

He said, "God bless you, cap," and I said, "That's all right; don't mention it;" and then I gave him another quarter and walked off as fast as I could.



THACKERAY'S SUBSTITUTE

By D. K. Janowitz

MANY American readers of Thackeray have wondered how he was able to write so graphic and correct an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne, and his journey through the wilderness to the banks of the Potomac,—as Thackeray had never seen the magnificent valley through which his gallant hero fled after his daring escape. It will be a surprise to many people to hear that Thackeray did not write that chapter at all, but that the well-known author John P. Kennedy did. This is the story as Colonel John H. B. Latrobe once told it:

Kennedy was at a dinner in London, with Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and other celebrities. The dinner was over, and the guests were settling down to the wine and cigars, when Thackeray, who was entertaining the company with his wit and satire, suddenly stopped, and, taking out his watch, exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I must leave you. I hate to go, but I must. I have promised the printer a chapter of 'The Virginians' to-morrow morning, and I have n't written a line of it yet. The printer is inexorable. So, wishing you all another meeting when I can be longer with you, I bid you good evening."

Thackeray had almost reached the door when Kennedy called him back and said:

"Perhaps I can write the chapter for you. What are you going to describe?"

The great novelist seemed a little surprised, but, being a perfect man of the world, said:

"Kennedy, you are extremely kind, and gladly would I let you write that chapter for me, for I hate to leave a jolly party."

"Then don't," all the company cried. "Stay with us, and let Mr. Kennedy write the proposed chapter."

"I've half a mind to let you do it, just for the fun of the thing. It is a chapter chiefly of description, giving an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey to the Potomac."

"If *that's* what you are writing about, I *can* do it, for I know every foot of the ground."

"All right, then," said Thackeray, resuming his seat at the board.
 "Let me have it early to-morrow morning."

Mr. Kennedy withdrew, and, going to his hotel, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of "The Virginians," and thus it happened that George Warrington's narrative of his flight was so accurate as to the topography of the country through which he passed.



THE WOOD CALL

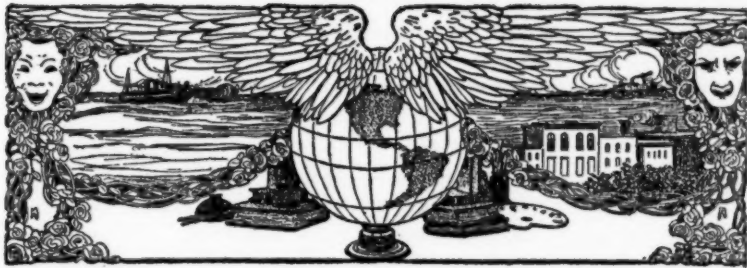
BY ISABEL S. MASON

OH I've been away in the woods for a day,
 With the scent of the grape-bloom, bewildering, sweet;
 And the sun through the trees dripped its gold in the breeze,
 Lacing over the moss for my world-weary feet.

The high-hole's sweet note from his golden-strung throat
 Splashed and rippled the jewels all liquid along;
 He answered the tone of my heart from his own,
 A silver baptism of benison song.

There Beauty unfurled the delights of her world;
 Like a banner soft floating it gleamed on my eyes,
 From Claytonia that lay like pink stars o'er my way,
 To the azure that blossomed the ambient skies.

Oh, I've been away in the woods all the day;
 I have eaten the lotus of dreams, and I know
 That the wild note that blew where the grape-blossom grew
 Was the mystical pipe from which Pan used to blow.



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

PREDIGESTED FUN

OF course, boys are not the same as they were—well, no matter how many years ago. Will any one maintain that the dessicated, predigested fun of a “boughten” sled can equal the delirious joy of taking belly-bumpers on your own home-made flyer? The runners and top were cut out of a “store box,” the half-round iron exchanged by the blacksmith for your long-hoarded pennies, and the holes drilled in the metal after it had been heated red hot in the kitchen stove. Can the predigested fun of a store toy gun compare with the delightful hours of the “comp’ny,” marching with the mimic weapon you made out of a block of walnut wood and three feet of gas pipe? What is a two-dollar boat worth, anyhow, when a fellow thinks of the laborious joy of hacking his own rakish craft out of a beam end, fitting it with sails made from mother’s worn-out apron, and keel-finishes it with a strip of lead from—a neighbor’s roof!

Just call up the images of all the precious things we boys used to make and see if the newest, shiniest, costliest thing that ever came out of a toy-shop will not—now—hang its head in shame when confronted with the homely, home-made article. Shinnny stick from a twisted gnarly root in the old grove; “piggy” and bat both cut from the same broom handle; injun knife fashioned from a rusty barrel-hoop set in an oaken grip; baseball made from our own savings of yarn and elastic and covered with leather from the blacksmith’s old apron (he wondered where it got to); catcher’s glove, father’s worn-out

Sunday dog-skin, fresh stuffed with tender grass every day for the game—and a hundred other boy-made playthings—who would sell them for thrice their number in store stuff?

To be sure, now and then a present brought home from the city would make our eyes dance and our hearts thump, but all the same, the whole cherished collection of fishin' rod, and hickory bat, and wooden sword, and water-wheels, and wind mills, and bows and arrows, and—and—why, of course they were better than—shucks, the boys of to-day are mollycoddled too much by predigested fun!

I *did* see a boy the other day who was snooting his own hooks, and punching holes in an old kettle to make a bait-can, and making a hickory tip for his rod, but—well, I guess boys are n't the same as they used to be years ago!

J. B. E.

BLESSED BE THE BUILDERS

IF I were going to write a new series of Beatitudes—which is the aim of every ambitious scribbler—I should begin it thus:

Blessed be the Builders.

Blessed be the Builders; the men who have conquered the wilderness, and put the mountains under their feet, and set their watch-towers in the midst of the sea. Blessed be the Builders; for they are the salt of the earth.

We have had enough of warriors. The only good end they ever served was to protect us from other warriors. We have had enough of bigots, trying to fetter the world with the gyves of dogma. We have had enough and to spare of the gilded fools of royalty. But we have never had enough of the Builders; and we never can.

When we trace the progress of human kind from its raw beginnings in the Mid Pleistocene to the twentieth century, we are mainly occupied with the work of the Builders. When we trace the periods in which the race went backward, we are largely busy with soldiers and kings.

Blessed be the Builders.

They have tamed the wild beasts; and taken tribute for man from the rocks of the earth.

They have broken the lightning to harness; and made fire and water lie down together that men might be served.

They have made gardens in the desert; and habitations for men in the sandy wastes.

They have cleared the forests, and drained the swamps, and gathered food from the land that brought forth pestilence.

They have pierced the mountains for their highways; and taught the rivers to walk in unaccustomed paths.

They have bound the continents with bands of steel; and the oceans with webs of copper.

They have given us temples instead of creeds; homes instead of thrones; cities in place of deserts.

They have had their faults, I know. They have spared neither themselves nor others. They have counted life less than work. But they have got the work done, and it was our work. They have paid themselves from the treasury of the earth, and have not stinted. But they have labored, and they have labored for us.

They have builded up faster than kings and warriors could tear down; and the gain is civilization. They have said to the bigot: "Thou shalt not!" and to the sluggard: "Thou shalt!" They have made houses of justice that kings might cease from troubling; and they have tied the warrior's hands with golden thread.

Whatever their cost, they have earned it a thousand-fold. Blessed thrice blessed, be the Builders!

GEORGE L. KNAPP

THE PSYCHICAL GYMNASIUM

THE other day I heard two friends discussing an absent third. "The truth is," A. was saying to B., "C. is just the subject for Mental Healing—or Mind Cure—or Christian Science—or Suggestion—or New Thought—or whatever you choose to call it. But the trouble is," she added sententiously, "the people who need it the most are the last to apply it to themselves."

The next day I chanced to be present at a meeting between B. and C.

"What a pity it is that A. can't benefit by some of her own higher thoughts," C. deplored. "She is always preaching her doctrines but never practising them."

B. and I exchanged a look, and when we were presently left alone together B. expressed herself as very much amused by the "human nature," as she called it, displayed by C.

"I can't understand being so self-deceived," she confided to me with her most Pharisaical manner. "Now, I have entirely cured myself of discordant thinking by breathing deep and constantly reiterating that I am in harmony with the music of the spheres." (If I add that B. is renowned for contentiousness and carping criticism, am I only illustrating in person the current discrepancy between practice and belief?)

The fact remains that we are all more or less sprinkled nowadays with sundry mental and psychical essences. The atmosphere is alive with new thoughts which are as old as the everlasting hills. We are

all trying to fit the lock that opens the secret of the universe, by means of patent keys devised with all the art and craft of spiritual locksmiths, whether genuine or bogus. "Why?" is the question half the world is asking and the other half trying to answer, for speculation has its victims on a spiritual plane no less than on Wall Street. Libraries are circulating psychical treatises more absorbing than novels, and we sit up till midnight not to find out whether the hero married the lady, but to discover in how many instances mountains—both real and imaginary—have been moved by faith.

As we read the uplifting Gospel which each new prophet offers us as the only genuine Truth, we are confident that henceforth we are going to live on a higher plane. Hypnotized by the writer's eloquence, we feel our petty trials and our trivial ailments sinking into insignificance. While we are reading we are so lifted above the delusions of a material world that if the cook should suddenly rush in red-handed and give warning (I can think of no more nerve-racking calamity) we could face her with philosophic calm and murmur to ourselves, "If the red slayer thinks he slays, he's very much mistaken." But if we suddenly shut the book that has so exalted us, our higher thought is too often pressed lifeless between its pages and we fall from the heights to the depths. Our spiritual wings are too undeveloped for us to soar alone.

Why cannot a psychical gymnasium be founded for the exercise of untrained souls, weak wills, and unbalanced judgment? We send our bodies to a gymnasium, or in some way train our limbs and our muscles for the work expected of them. Why not do as much for our spirits? How glorious it would be if our wills could be strengthened by lifting weights off people's hearts, if our judgment could learn to balance pros and cons, and our minds could be taught to jump deftly from one subject to another!

Cannot some Carnegie of the soul rise up and endow psychical gymnasia so that our spirits may learn to be lighter? Some mechanical device for broadening the sympathies, some electric apparatus that might be resorted to for warming hearts. It would not even hurt the average imagination to be stretched a little by believing things which at first sight seem incredible. Perhaps eventually it might become as elastic as that of the White Queen, who boasted to Alice that she had believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.

How inspiring would it be if our intelligence might juggle with ideas, and Higher thought might take aerial flights without falling; above all, if nerves could be taught to relax their hold on unessentials sufficiently to drop their own plural and turn to nerve!

W. P.



TRIALS OF THE AGAMIST

No, I'm not married—though I was in love once; hopelessly enmeshed in Cupid's lariat. Her name was Alzona.

Pretty name, is it not? Pretty girl, too—you ought to have seen her. Had she money? Fie! I'm telling you of the young lady. Of course her father had *something*! He owned a few railroads, a number of business blocks, one thousand shares of Copper, five thousand Brooklyn Transit, an equal amount of Gas, controlled the New York Subway, owned the Chicago Tunnel, operated sixteen steamship lines, and had a seat on the London Stock Exchange, a chair in the French market, a soft cushion in the Board of Trade, and a pew in the First Presbyterian Church.

Did I get this from a financial statement? Oh, no; from his will. You see, her papa passed up—no, passed down—really I'm uncertain of the direction. I know, however, that he died.

He was a fine-looking man—robust! Perfect athlete! Was the star half-back at Princeton for three seasons, and—*kick*? Wonderful kicker!

Having been out of the game for some time, he was a bit rusty, but the first night I called upon Alzona he made a centre rush, mumbled some numbers—I think 23 was one of them—then, before I could comprehend the full meaning of the 30-minus-7 signal, I heard a great crashing of glass as I passed through the conservatory window.

Naturally, I was terribly cut up over the affair, but my affection for the daughter soon drew us together—we met in the park. After her papa's decease I mustered the courage necessary for a formal call. I proposed.

Eh? Did she accept? Well—er—I'll be hanged if I *know*! Some words passed between us, the which I shall repeat, that you

Walnuts and Wine

may decide for yourself. Of course we were basking in the moonlight, holding hands. I remember that part distinctly.

"Alzona," said I, in a tone of tenderness, "do you love your Clarence?"

"Um!"

"Do you mean, yes?" I inquired anxiously.

"Uh-huh!"

"Then, dearest, shall I go to your mother for her consent and her blessing?"

"Uh-uh!"

"You mean no?"

"Um!"

"But, dear, to whom should one go but to the mother of his sweetheart?"

"Go to father!" she said coldly.

Here was a poser. Her father was dead, and I knew it; furthermore, she knew that I knew it. She also knew that I knew that she knew that I knew that her father was dead; that she knew that I knew what a sporty old chap he had been, and that—well, I really think she implied a world of hidden meaning in that simple phrase, "Go to father," don't you?

Harrold Skinner

HIS BUSY DAY

By Robert T. Hardy

"The glorious Fourth is here again!"

Now doth the doctor say.

"Get out the lint and bandages:

This is my busy day!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY

A Sunday school teacher had instructed her class that each child should repeat a verse of Scripture when the offering was made. The plate containing many pennies had gone down the line, when the child next the last said, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," depositing a nickel.

Either the verses had given out or the child at the end of the bench was overcome at her neighbor's generosity, for she said, "A fool and his money are soon parted!"

Anna Stuart Wroe

Walnuts and Wine

A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION

By Nathan Haskell Dole

Just before the dinner-hour
Came a sudden summer shower;
I was sitting with the Bishop on the broad veranda shaded.
On the closely-shaven lawn
Had been whirling since the dawn
Several sprinklers set to soak the grass which in the hot sun faded.

Now, the Bishop loved a joke,
And within my spirit woke
Something that to me seemed like a real, spontaneous inspiration:
Pointing to the hose, said I:
"Bishop, as it's raining, why
Is that waste of water not a work of super-irrigation?"

Then the Prelate said straightway:
"Laymen should not try to play
With these learned terms of solemn theologic nomenclature!
Supererogation goes
With ecclesiastic hose,
And both sprinkling and immersion have their place with Mother
Nature."

AN UNWELCOME KISS

Beatrice, aged five, spent the day playing with Tommy, her little four-year-old neighbor. When she was ready to go home she hugged and kissed Tommy, against his tearful protestations. Reporting the matter to her mother, she concluded with, "But, mother, Tommy should have been brave about it, any way, should n't he?"

Goldie Robertson Funk

JOHN BULL WAS RIGHT

On a Fourth of July Bill Nye was walking in London with an Englishman, and gravely remarked that it seemed to him a curious Fourth because he did not see the display of flags to which he was accustomed on that day.

"But, me dear fellow," objected the Briton, "why should there be any display? We were not victorious in that war with you, you see."

M. S. C. Smith

Walnuts and Wine

A FORECAST

Pennsylvania Railroad employees are telling a story about an Irish fireman who applied for a place as engineer. He answered the officials' severe questions during the examination in a satisfactory manner until one asked, "Suppose you were running your engine sixty miles an hour on a single track, and, running around a curve, saw another engine come toward you at the same speed and only a short distance away: what would you do?"

The applicant was not stumped, and with but a moment's hesitation declared, "I'd bless myself."

P. S. Ridsdale

A FAST RECORD

At a recent political convention held in Illinois the importance of nominating a popular man for a certain close district was thoroughly recognized. A speaker had just nominated a personal friend for the position, and in an elaborate eulogy had presented in glowing terms his manifold merits, especially emphasizing his great services on the field of battle, as well as in the pursuits of peace.

After he had finished a voice was heard in the rear of the room. "What we want is the man that will run the best."

In an instant the orator was again on his feet.

"If you think," he yelled, "that this convention can find anybody that can run better than the gentleman I have nominated, I point once more to his well known war record."

Edwin Tarrisse

THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE GIRLS

The little daughters of a Missouri doctor were much interested in the new baby which had arrived at the home of a neighbor and which their mother told them had been brought by the stork. The children were promised a visit to the baby, and when the eventful day arrived Gladys sought her little sister and said, "Come on, sister; we are going to see Mrs. Smith's baby." To the surprise of all, the child declined to go.

"I don't want to see the baby," she said. "I'd raver see the stork."

These same little girls were busy at work in the kitchen one morning when their mother entered the room. She noticed a dark concoction cooking on the stove and attempted to remove the pan. "Oh, mamma," objected the children, "don't take it off. We are boiling a mud puddle."

Martha Kimball

Walnuts and Wine

THE TEACHER HAS A PICK ON ME

By John L. Shroy

All trouble that is hangin' round comes finally my way—

The teacher has a pick on me.

She keeps me in at recess and denies me all my play,

Because she has a pick on me.

She makes me do my misspelled words a hundred times or more,

She makes me do my tables till my finger-joints get sore,

She makes me clean the ink up that I spill upon the floor,

Because she has a pick on me.

She makes me pay some time off for the notes that I forget—

The teacher has a pick on me.

She tells my mother when she sees me smoke a cigarette,

Because she has a pick on me.

She makes me study lessons that I say I know by heart—

The reason I can't say them is, I can't think how they start—

When I kick Jim beneath the seat the teacher takes Jim's part,

Because she has a pick on me.

The very littlest thing I do she manages to see—

The teacher has a pick on me.

She knows that I am talkin' when her back is turned to me,

Because she has a pick on me.

One day I did n't feel like work and talked back at her fine;

She wrote a little note to Dad, that he was asked to sign.

He licked me like the mischief, said, "You 've got to toe the line,"

And now Dad's got a pick on me.

A UNANIMOUS VOTE

A German-American who had recently arrived at the estate of riches attended his first banquet. The wine was particularly vile, and so several gentlemen who were seated near the German were quite satisfied to have him empty the bottles that had been set apart for their common use. Neither the quality nor the quantity of the wine in the least disturbed the Teuton, and after draining the last glass he looked around jovially and said, "Shentlemen, I haf now drunken all your wine, and safed you the trouble of trinking vat you did not like. I tink you ought to vote me a public tank."

They did.

Karl von Kraft

Walnuts and Wine

ROUND

John A. Gill, freight agent of the New York Central, is always getting off some joke on his friend Carleton C. Crane, passenger agent for the same company, who has acquired quite a girth from good living on his country place near Decoto.

A stranger came into the office the other day and inquired of Gill: "Pardon me, but is Carleton C. Crane 'round?"

"Well, I should think so," laughed Gill.

"I have n't seen him for forty years. We used to call him 'Sandhill' Crane, he was so tall and skinny as a kid. You say he's 'round somewhere?"

"No, I did n't specify any particular place."

"But I inferred from your reply that he was 'round here."

"Oh, no; he's round everywhere."

"What I want to know is, how much is he 'round here?" persisted the stranger, fingering for his watch.

"On a guess," replied Gill, "I'd say sixty or seventy inches."

Charles L. Abel

A LITTLE MRS. MALAPROP

Bessie Green, a tot of seven, likes to use unusual words. In this she is a constant source of amusement to her relatives, with whom she frequently corresponds. On one occasion, while confined to the hospital, she received this note from her aunt:

I am delighted to hear that the crisis is past, and that you are now convalescent.

Yours, with affection,

AUNTIE

A few days later the aunt received a brief reply.

DEAR AUNTIE:

I have been very ill, but the nurse says she is delightful to tell you that I am now convulsive.

Yours, with infection,

BESSIE

Harrold Skinner

WHY NOT?

Settlement Worker: "And they take a tenth of your earnings?"

Factory Girl (aged twelve): "Yes 'm, and they'd take a twentieth if they dared."

Maxwell M. Kennedy

Walnuts and Wine



Try it on yourself or on the beautiful skin of a child. The results are always the same, because it is pure. A hundred years have found Pears' Soap matchless for the complexion.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."
In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

TOURISTS TAKE WARNING

The summer residents of Weymouth, Massachusetts, were greatly amused by the pranks of some young humorists who were in the habit of changing letters on signs so as to make them read in new and startling ways. The latest escapade had to do with the sign of an estimable old man who advertised on a big board that he would carry a trunk to any part of the town for twenty-five cents. Imagine the surprise of the incoming tourists as they saw for the first time the bold sign:

DRUNKS CARRIED
TO ANY PART OF WEYMOUTH—25c.

William T. Miller

JUST LIKE MOST OF US

A bass drummer was complimented by a musician on his playing.

"Tell me," asked the musician, "do you play by ear or by note?"

"Mein friendt," replied the drummer, "I play by main strength."

Charles L. Abel

WIZARDRY

By W. J. Lampton

St. Leger de Main
Was a wizard bold,
Who lived long since
In the times of old.

2

One day on the road
He met a knight
Whom courtesy called
On him to fight.

But he was a wizard—
A wise one who
Made something better
Than fighting do.

He opened a gate
By the roadside and
He made a quick pass
Or two with his hand.

Walnuts and Wine

A Stove That "Makes Good"

Baking proves the quality of a stove. But every stove doesn't pass the test. No stove bakes bread, pies, cakes—everything that's bakable—quite as well as the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove.

Besides, the "New Perfection" stove makes the kitchen a cool and pleasant place in which to do the baking. Do the family cooking; broil the steak; prepare the meals—every separate item of domestic work done over the flame of the



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

adds to your satisfaction because it's all done so quickly and so well. The "New Perfection" surpasses the performance of any other stove. Its quick heat saves moments; its cleanliness saves labor; its fuel economy saves expense; its new principle of blue flame combustion saves *you* physical discomfort. No other kitchen appliance will take the place of the "New Perfection" oil stove. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



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Walnuts and Wine

The knight protested,
But the steed obeyed
The mystic passes
The wizard made,

And thereupon quickly
It came to pass,
The steed was turned
Into a field of grass.

THE HOI POLLOI

A pleasant tale is now being told of the British king and his tactful grace in administering a rebuke. Not long ago he attended a garden fête at a house more remarkable for its lavish hospitality than for its observance of British social traditions; and among the guests, to his surprise, he encountered Poole, the famous tailor. This latter gentleman appeared to be both disturbed and disgruntled.

"Oh, your Majesty," groaned he, "what a mixed company! I look about me, and I see tea magnates, and American millionaires, and upstart politicians, and nobodies without number. What is society coming to, when a house of this kind invites such a mixture!"

The King smiled, and puffed thoughtfully at his cigar. "Well, Mr. Poole," said he blandly, after a pause, "at least we must be thankful that they have included you and me!"

Gertrude Pahlow

A QUEER COMPACT

Van is seven years old and hates to go to Sunday School. One day he found his best loved friend, the house cat, as old as himself, stretched out on the ground in the garden. His cries brought his mother, who did all she could for a poisoned and apparently fast dying cat, but it seemed of no avail.

As a last desperate resort Van knelt down beside the poor creature and, clasping his hands, upturned his tear-stained face and prayed, "Dear God, make my cat well! Make her well! Oh, dear God, if you will I'll go to Sunday School every time this summer and not wait to be spanked!"

The cat got well and Van faithfully kept his compact with God.

Goldie Robertson Funk

Walnuts and Wine

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HIGH FINANCE

The excursion train was crowded, and the man in the centre of the car knew it would be impossible to get out through the jam to get something to eat without losing his seat and perhaps missing his train. He looked longingly at the restaurant across the tracks, and, seeing an urchin sitting on the iron pipe near by, he called him over, saying, "Here, son, take this quarter and run over to that restaurant and get me a sandwich. And get yourself one," he called after the boy.

"You are easy," said the excursionist beside the man. "You'll never see that kid or your quarter again."

And as the train whistled at the moment he feared it would be true. Just then, however, the boy came running out of the restaurant with a large fat sandwich in his hand. The train was moving as he handed up the change and then, taking a huge mouthful of the sandwich, he called to the departing man with the hunger:

"They only had one left. Thanks!"

W. S. Ruhl

A FEMININE VIEW

"One-half of the world does n't know how the other half lives," observed the moralizer.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Gossyp.

Perrine Lambert

PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS

Neighbor: "Well, how are your mamma and papa getting along?"

Little Bobby: "Oh, they're a spanking team!"

Reginald Rochester

It takes nine tailors to make a man—but only one dressmaker to break him.

Walter Pulitzer

A DIREFUL THREAT

By Robert T. Hardy

When little crabs are naughty
And pinch and pull and grab,
No doubt their mother threatens;
"You'll be a devilled crab!"

Walnuts and Wine



The dessert 's coming—and it 's JELL-O

What is dinner without dessert—to grown-ups or to children? A good dessert is the joy of childhood, the satisfying solace of old age. But be sure the dessert is wholesome, healthful, nutritious. It 's a great triumph in cookery to provide a dessert that pleases the palate without injuring the stomach or disturbing digestion. That triumph is achieved in

JELL-O

the dainty, delicate, delicious dessert—full of nutriment, and as harmless as honey.

A half dozen countries contribute to the making of the little 10-cent package of Jell-O. The pure gelatine comes from far away France; Sunny Italy sends the fruit oils and acids; the fruit ethers come from Germany, the vanilla from Mexico, the vegetable colors from Spain, the sugar from Cuba—all brought to your table in a most delicious and dainty compound so pure and wholesome that it "agrees" with the most delicate stomach and is relished by young and old.

It requires no expert to prepare it. No cooking, no sweetening, no flavoring, no trouble. Just add boiling water and let cool. All done in a minute and the result is an excellent dessert everybody likes. A recipe book showing how to make many of these wholesome, delicious, palatable JELL-O dishes, sent free for the asking.

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Walnuts and Wine

BADLY DECEIVED

Mr. Jagers (returning from the beach at one A.M., and finding his wife waiting for him at the head of the stair-case): "The two-headed w-w-woman 'n' the m-m-movin' stairway, b'gosh! I'm back at Coney Island, after all!"

Henry H. Day

TWO SIDES

By Caroline Wood Morrison

Delighted I bent to acknowledge
An acceptance at last from a great
And wonderful monthly: my verse, I was told,
Would appear at an early date.

I counted the days intervening,
I seized on the number with glee;
Alas! on the page my verses
Were accredited not to me!

I shed tears of mortification,
I flew to a lawyer and cried,
"Make the editor man do me justice!"
Indeed, I was most sorely tried!

My lawyer then wrote to the editor,
And this is the missive received:
"Dear sir:— Is it fair we should twice be sued
For a thing over which we're much grieved?

"The gentleman we've given credit
For the verses insists he will claim
A suit against our magazine on the grounds
That the poem was signed by his name!"

SISTER WON

"Well, Bobby, how is your sister?" asked the Parson.

"Oh, she's sick in bed; hurt herself terrible," replied the youth.

"I'm sorry to hear that. How did it happen?"

"We were playin' who could lean farthest out of the window—
and she won!"

R. Rochester

Walnuts and Wine



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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

Those dainty pearl-gray candy-covered tidbits of chewing gum enveloped in the purest of peppermint—Chiclets are at once a chewing gum, and a candy Bon-Bon.

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Envelopes at 5¢ the
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THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME

A new consignment of punsters and professional jokers had just been brought before His Satanic Majesty to receive sentence.

"And what shall their punishment be, sire?" asked the Hades executioner.

"To the caldron with them," laughed Satan. "Thus may it be put on record that to the very last they 'bubbled over with humor'!"

Walter Pulitzer

HER NEWSPAPER ACQUAINTANCE

Among the guests at a fashionable New York reception was a recently appointed young editor of one of the dailies, who thought extremely well of himself. He received an introduction to the thirteen-year-old daughter of his hostess.

"And how do you like newspaper men?" he asked the little maid in a most condescending tone of voice.

"I don't know," she replied artlessly; "the only one I know is the one who brings our paper every morning."

Jeannette Langley

NOT LIFE LIKE

The late N. C. W., known throughout New England as a very shrewd money-getter, sometimes hired a witty Irishman to work around his place, and he loved to talk to the man on account of his ready wit.

One morning as John was working about the lawn Mr. W. called to him to come in and see the portrait he had had made of himself. The picture showed him standing with one hand in his pocket.

"What do you think of it, John," he asked. "Is n't it a good likeness?"

"I can't see anything natural about it, Mr. W.," replied John. "You should have had your hand in some other man's pocket."

L. A. Wentworth

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Wife (at dinner): "Cook left us this morning."

Husband: "Who cooked the dinner?"

Wife: "I did."

Husband: "Really? Well, we'll have to get a new cook right away."

W. J. Lampton

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER

"The Box
that lox"



Young America

cannot begin too early to realize the value of a healthy well groomed appearance, and its bearing on the successes of after life. Don't handicap the child—advise and insist upon the daily use of **genuine**

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the first necessity in the nursery, the satisfying finish of the bath and the shave. Mennen's prevents and relieves **Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn**, and all skin troubles of summer. For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "Box that Lox", with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample free.**

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CRITICAL EYE FOR BABIES

The five-year-old daughter of a Brooklyn man has had such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children.

Recently there came a real live baby into the house.

When it was put into her arms the five-year-old surveyed it with a critical eye.

"Is n't it a nice baby?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, it's nice," answered the youngster hesitatingly. "It's nice, but its head's loose."

Edwin Tarrisse

AN EAGER PARENT

"Jack is so brave! He went right into the library and said to father, 'I want to marry your daughter.'"

"And what did your father say?"

"He said, 'Good! Which one?'"

Maxwell M. Kennedy

A FAIR INFERENCE

Astronomer: "There is more and more reason for thinking that Mars is inhabited."

Student: "What do they think is the principal occupation of the Martians?"

Astronomer: "Well, judging from the canals, there must be a number of gondoliers."

J. Collins

HIGH EXPLOSIVES

By Carroll Watson Rankin

I know the strength of dynamite,
Of rack-a-rock, of cannonite,
Of fulgurite, of emmensite,
And e'en the powers of hellofite,
Of glycerine, of oxenite,
Of mercury and progressite,
Likewise of deadly perunite,
Of powder, and of fulminate—
And yet right here I'd like to state
That *no* explosive, up to date,
Seems quite so fiercely adequate
As Uncle, nights, when Bob stays late.

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Walnuts and Wine

A LONG ROOT

An Irishman with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth that he wished to have pulled entered the office of a Washington dentist.

When the suffering Celt was put into the chair and saw the gleaming forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth. Being a man of resource, the dentist quietly instructed his assistant to push a pin into the patient's leg so that when the Irishman opened his mouth to yell the dentist could get at the refractory molar. When it was all over the dentist smilingly said:

"It did n't hurt as much as you expected, did it?"

"Well, no," reluctantly admitted the patient. "But," he added, as he ran his hand over the place where the assistant had inserted the pin, "little did I think that them roots went thot far down!"

Charles L. Abel

A REVISED NURSERY JINGLE

By Robert T. Hardy

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?

"I had, gentle master, a whole basketful;

But I wandered one day in the street they call Wall,

And now of my pretty wool I've none at all!"

THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT

A Toledo lawyer tells of a trial in a court of that city, wherein an Irishman named Casey was obliged to give certain testimony against the defendant, a friend of his.

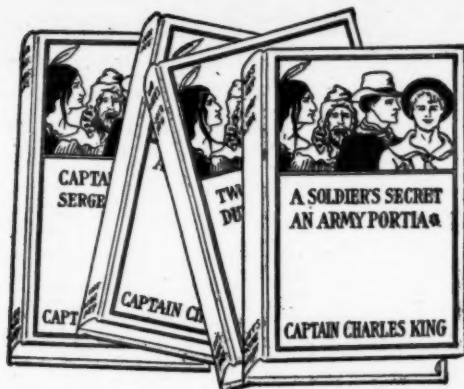
Casey's ordinarily rich brogue had lately been rendered more than usually unintelligible by reason of an accident to which he feelingly referred in the course of his testimony.

Now, Casey had been frequently called upon to repeat his answers—evidently made under protest—which requests of the court soon confused the Irishman and so awakened his anger, which steadily increased as the taking of the testimony proceeded.

"Don't prevaricate," sternly admonished the judge, as the witness seemingly returned an incoherent answer to one of the questions.

"Prevaricate!" passionately spluttered the Celt. "Sure, I'm thinkin' it's yerself would n't be able to hilp prevaricating with three of yer honor's front tathe knocked out of yer honor's head!"

Fenimore Martin



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Walnuts and Wine

A GAME OF CHANCE

The belated husband carefully inserted his key in the lock, slowly opened the door, and entered the dark hallway on tip-toe. Shutting the door noiselessly behind him, he turned to ascend the stairs, when the form of his wife loomed up before him, and he started back.

"Oh! it's you, dear?" he blurted, smiling guiltily. "And you have n't retired worrying about me! Really, dear, I had no idea it was so late. I'm very sorry; but you see," he went on to explain, gaining confidence through his wife's silence—"you see, dear, I became so interested in a little game of whist that I did n't hear the hours strike on the clock at the Cl——"

"Go to bed!"

Without another word, he obeyed.

She stood below and watched him sheepishly ascend the stairs to his room. As his door closed after him the hall clock chimed the hour, and, smiling grimly, she emitted a deep sigh and murmured:

"Three! It's a lucky thing I got in first!"

Charles C. Mullin

WHY SHE WANTED A SON

The rector of an inland parish was asked one Sunday by the superintendent of the Sunday school to review the children on the Scripture lesson, which dealt with the life of Hannah and her great desire for a son. After the lesson had been finished and a sketch of the life of Samuel given, the rector asked, "Can any one tell me why Hannah wanted a son?" A deep silence followed this question. Finally, noticing the eager look on the face of a bright fourteen-year-old girl, Canon Bywater said, "Ruby, can you tell us?" Up jumped the little girl and in a voice audible over the entire room said, "Because it was customary to have them."

Martha Kimball

HURRAH FOR SEATTLE!

The daughter of a Representative in Congress from the State of Washington lately returned from a prolonged tour on the Continent.

In conversation with friends she gave some interesting accounts of her impressions of Europe, becoming especially enthusiastic with reference to the French capital.

"Girls," said she, with a sweeping gesture, "Paris is all right! To my mind it is the Seattle of Europe!"

Edwin Tarrisse

Walnuts and Wine

A PERFECT BUST

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Beauty
for
Women



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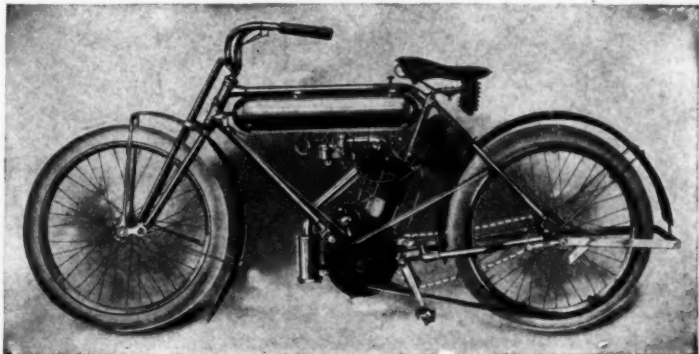
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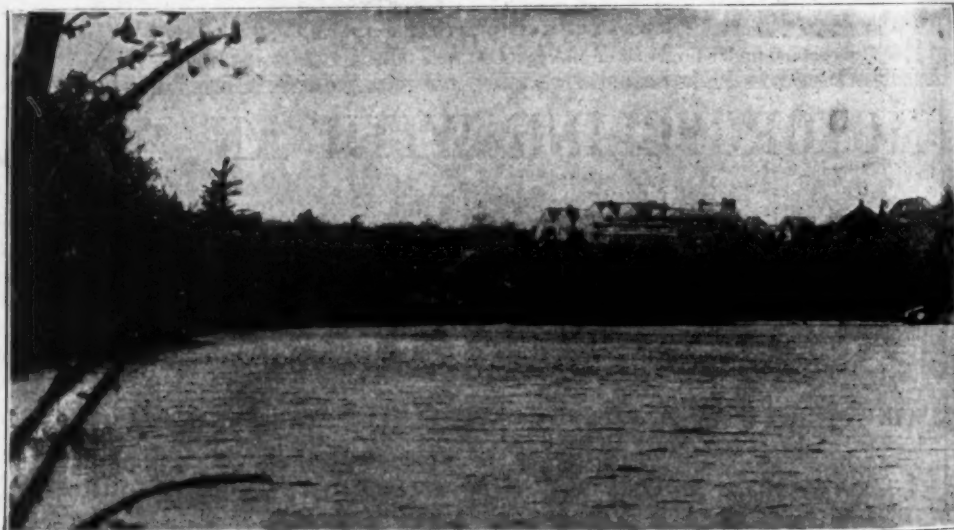
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